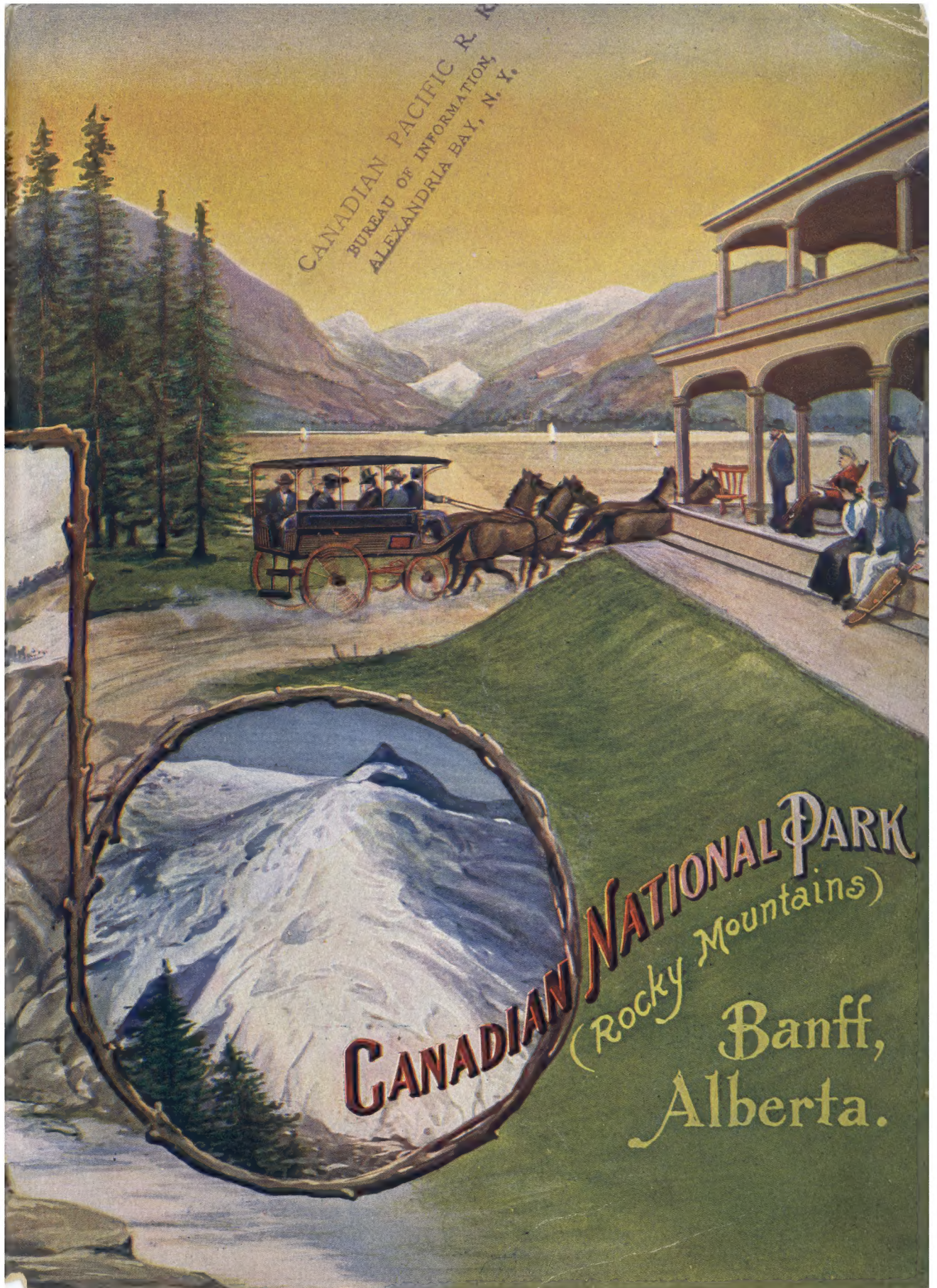


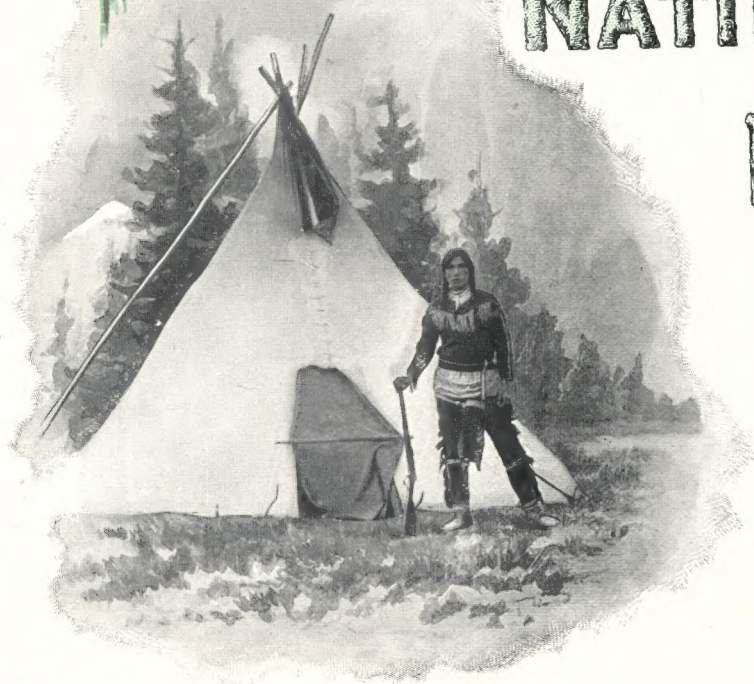
CANADIAN PACIFIC R. R.
BUREAU OF INFORMATION,
ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y.



CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK
(Rocky Mountains)
Banff,
Alberta.



CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK



*Published by direction of the
HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON
Minister of the Interior*

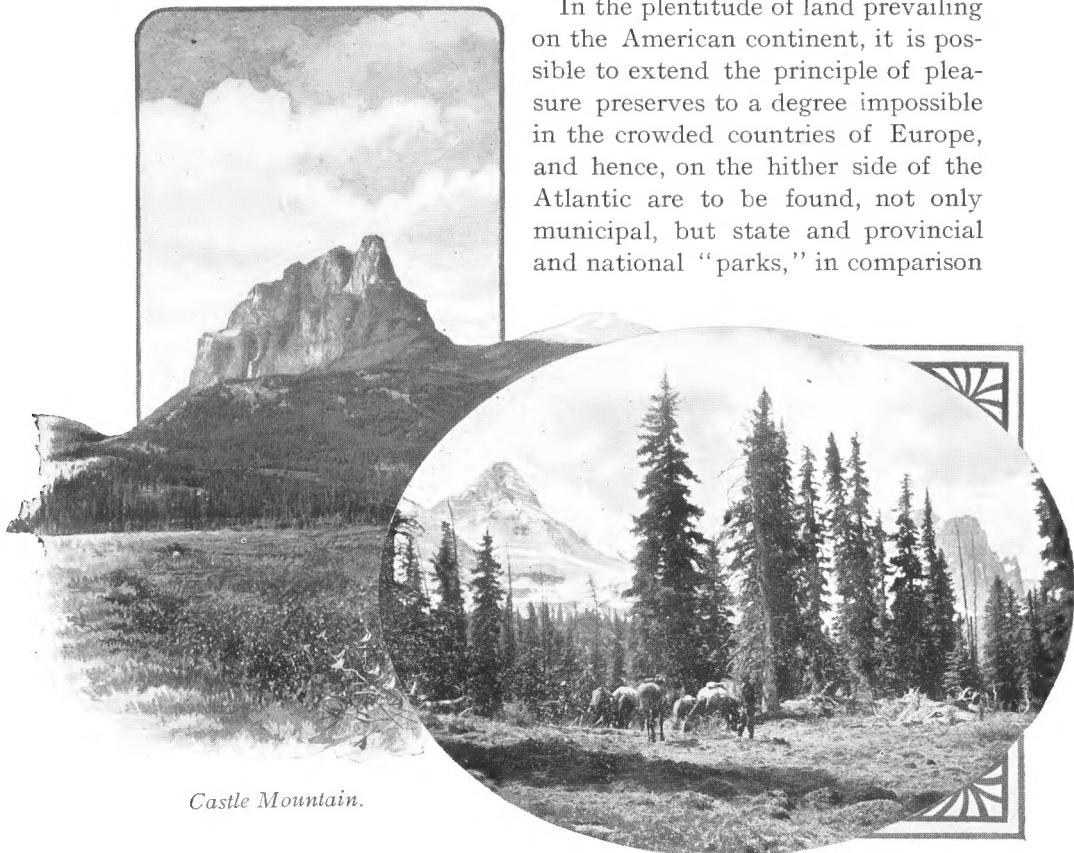
THE GROWTH AND EXTENSION OF THE PARK MOVEMENT.

Among the most notable facts of later day civilization is the general recognition of the benefits of life in the open air. It would seem that the increasing density of population in the industrial centres, and the fact that one must now go farther to get away from the busy haunts of men, has led to an increased appreciation of Nature, and to a love of the more simple and kindly life lived away from the multiplied needs of city dwellers. Hence, within the past few years, has arisen a strong tendency to value and preserve open spaces. Every town is increasing the number of its parks; every village preserves its "green" or common as its most precious possession.

NATIONAL PARKS.

In cities, small intra-mural "breathing spaces" are being acquired at large cost, and a half hour's ride by electric car will take the toilworn artisan, the wearied clerk, the worried merchant, to suburban parks of sylvan beauty and restful recreation.

In the plentitude of land prevailing on the American continent, it is possible to extend the principle of pleasure preserves to a degree impossible in the crowded countries of Europe, and hence, on the hither side of the Atlantic are to be found, not only municipal, but state and provincial and national "parks," in comparison



Castle Mountain.

Mt. Assiniboine, from near head of Spray River.

with which many European kingdoms will, in point of size, sink into insignificance.

Many of these parks occupy areas of thousands of square miles. They include within their borders some of the most wonderful phenomena of nature, and offer unequalled attractions to the geologist, the botanist, the mountaineer, the naturalist, the artist and the sportsman, as well as the health and pleasure seeker.

THE PARKS EASILY REACHED.

Each year sees an increasing exodus from the crowded haunts of men to these reserva-



A Stony Squaw.



Stony Indians approaching Banff Springs Hotel.

tions. They are easily accessible, for the transportation companies, which derive a goodly proportion of their business from this class of traffic, have organized their services for its promotion. The journey can be made under every circumstance of comfort, and in very short time. Nor are the conveniences of modern civilization of necessity left behind on arrival. Twenty, or even ten years ago, the traveller who sought the recesses of these then unknown and unfrequented corners of the Continent had to make up his mind to bid farewell to ease until his return, and to live the life of the hunter and the backwoodsman in the interval. Nowadays this is not so. For those whose ideal of enjoyment is being under canvas, and the vigorous healthy life of the pioneer, there are as many opportunities as ever. Within a mile of the railway station nature is still as solitary as she is beautiful, and it needs the occasional shriek of the locomotive to remind the camper that he is still within reach of the world of work he has for a time forsaken. He may

still, though surrounded by the wild beauty of primeval nature, be nearer the telegraph than when in his own suburban home, and fifteen minutes' walk will bring him to many of the conveniences of urban life.

NATURAL GRANDEUR AND PERSONAL COMFORT.

The ease of modern travel, however, and the increasing appreciation of natural beauty, has created another type of travellers who, if their conceptions of enjoyment are less strenuous than those of the camper or climber, are as a class much more numerous. For their accomodation there have been erected hotels that in their luxury and comfort are comparable with the best of those in the big cities. At the splendid hosteleries erected for the entertainment of the rest, health, and beauty pilgrims, almost every convenience of metropolitan life is available, while from the windows is seen a panorama—roaring fall or piercing peak, glittering glacier or forest primeval, spouting geyser or mountain-girdled lake—that woos the wanderer to the great out-of-doors, and upbuilds him in every aspect of his nature, through contact and communication with Nature in her elemental strength and beauty.

CANADA'S NATIONAL PARK THE LARGEST.

Of all the great parks of the world, the Canadian National Park is by far the largest, and in point of scenic attractiveness is the equal of the best. It stretches east and west from the backbone of the continent,—eastward into the North West Territories, and westward into British Columbia. Its area is 5,732 square miles—3,668,480 acres. The summit of the Rockies running from northwest to the southeast, forms the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle, which contains the greatest portion of the Park. The eastern side is about eighty, and the northern a hundred, miles in length. A small jog occurs at the eastern side, where the Stony Indian Reserve cuts into the Park.

AREA OF THE PARK.

Contiguous to the huge triangle, which contains 4,900 square miles, or 3,130,000 acres, and on the British Columbia side of the Rockies, is the Yoho Park, the second and smaller section of Canada's National Park. It is also, roughly, triangular in shape, the longest side, running north and south, being about forty miles in length. It is about 25 miles across from base to apex. Its northeastern boundary is the summit of the Rockies, and the larger portion of the park, already described as being in the Territories. The Yoho is 832 square miles in extent. As before stated, the Rocky Mountain Park and the Yoho join, and for all practical purposes constitute one Park.



Trout Lake, on the Trail to White Man Pass, looking North.

Until the year 1902, the Canadian National Park was comparatively a small affair, consisting of a block of land ten miles by twenty-six, of which the village of Banff was the principal centre. The original Park is surrounded and included in the enlarged Park, which, in area, is more than twenty times larger than the first reservation.

SOME COMPARISONS IN SIZE.

For purposes of comparison, it may be interesting to note that the next National Park, in point of size, to the enlarged Canadian National Park, is the American Yellowstone, which as originally determined in 1872, contained about 3,344 square miles—little more than half the area of the Canadian National Park. Other large reservations with which it can be compared are the provincial park of Quebec, which is 2,500 square miles in extent, and the Ontario provincial park, which contains 1,850 square miles.

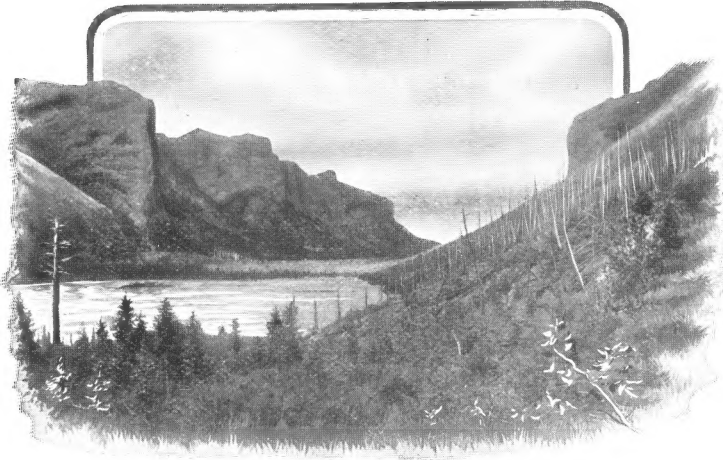
THE PARADISE OF MOUNTAINEERS.

By the setting aside of the two park areas the Dominion has secured for all time, for the enjoyment of its citizens and of visitors, public control of the grandest accessible scenery in the whole mountain area. Though the "Banff Park" as the original and smaller reservation was popularly named, has long become a household word in Canada, the United States and even in Britain; though every visitor to the park is enchanted by what he sees; though it is often admitted that Switzerland takes a second place when compared with Canada's sea of mountains, there is after all very little known of Canada's great park. Every day new points of beauty are being revealed. Celebrated mountain-climbers and topographers are constantly visiting and exploring its recesses. This is particularly the case with respect to scientific men from Europe. There is no particular incentive for these men to go to Switzerland. That country has been thoroughly explored, while in the Canadian park there are numbers of mountains that have never been climbed; and valleys, gorges and lakes that have never been visited. Every visitor carries a camera, and the many new scenes of grandeur which are revealed after each trip do much to spread the fame of Canada's great park. Banff Park as originally laid out was justly celebrated for its magnificent scenery, while the additional area now included in the National Park includes countless spots equally attractive.

While for purposes of a national play ground, the original park area was perhaps almost sufficient, containing, as it does, some of the most varied and charming scenery on the Continent, yet it was realized that for the more thorough protection of its game an increased area was necessary.

ENLARGED AREA GIVES COMPLETE GAME PROTECTION.

No one is allowed to kill game within the park limits, but hunters have been known to comply with the letter of the law while breaking its obvious intention, by driving game outside the park limits, and then killing their quarry. While this was easily done in a reservation only ten miles from boundary to boundary, it is impossible to do so now in a tract more than seventy miles across. The area is now so great that it is expected all kinds of game will be found there practically for all time to come. In the park there are bear, moose, elk, antelope, red deer, mountain sheep and goats, wolves, coyotes and minor fur-bearing animals. In the many rivers and lakes there are grayling, mountain and rainbow trout, salmon trout, etc. The park area is now so large, that even if there is a little poaching on the outskirts, it will not appreciably affect the game in the park as a whole. It has been the experience at the Yellowstone Park that wild animals in a protected area soon learn that they are safe there, and this of itself has a



Devil's Gap, East of Lake Minnewanka.

noticeable effect in the preservation of animal life. It is stated that in the Yellowstone Park bears come down to the hotels and eat the kitchen refuse. Protection for the fish is assured, inasmuch as the park contains sources of many streams.

THE PARK WORTHY OF CANADA.

Altogether, the Canadian National Park is worthy of the Dominion of Canada. It is one of the many beauty-spots on the American continent to which tired, over-worked people can come, with the assurance that they may soon return invigorated both in mind and body, and the remembrance of this visit will never fade, but will deepen and quicken into a stronger feeling, not alone the sense of beauty, but also the sense of patriotism, for what son of the Dominion can fail to realize, after visiting such scenes, that a country of such beauty is a good country to live in, and to live for?

HOW TO REACH THE PARK.

The Canadian National Park is traversed from east to west by the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which affords an easy means of access thereto. Eastern American visitors will find it most convenient to travel by way of the "Soo" branch, which, running west and north from Chicago, joins the main line at Moose Jaw, and gives an opportunity of seeing the



Lake Minnewanka.



THE BOW RIVER VALLEY, FROM THE HOT SPRINGS

famous fertile prairies of Western Canada which produce the finest wheat in the world, and into which thousands of immigrants, both British and American, are pouring every year. If they desire to see more of this wonderful agricultural country they may transfer to the main line of the C. P. R. at Winnipeg, the Prairie City, which, with its 80,000 people is the most rapidly growing and already one of the foremost commercial centres of the Dominion. For hundreds of miles west of this city, the train travels through one vast potential wheat-field, which with each successive harvest still further vindicates its title as "The granary of the British Empire."

THE PARK'S PRINCIPAL VILLAGE.

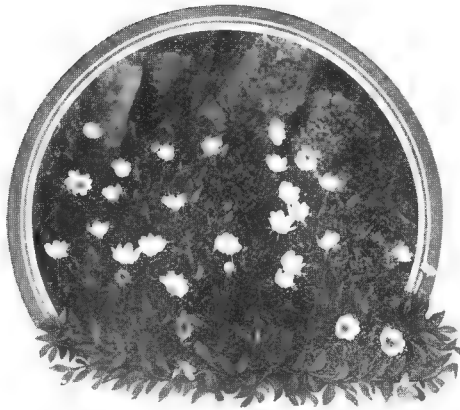
The park being so large, a point of entrance must be selected. The most popular is undoubtedly Banff, a pretty little village on the swiftly flowing Bow River, where its banks broaden out into a spacious valley flanked by Mount Rundle, Mount Cascade and Sulphur Mountain. Banff is situated at the western extremity of the original park reservation, and is the natural starting place for all points in the Rocky Mountain Park. Many good roads and trails radiate from Banff, on which the Dominion Government has for years spent large sums. Special hotel accommodation is to be found there, and at Laggan and Field, two stations further west on the railway, so that these three places may be regarded as the most central points for visitors. Banff, being the older, larger and more important, will be treated first, and the various points of interest reached therefrom briefly described.

BANFF, THE PARK'S HEADQUARTERS.

The town itself is worthy of some notice apart from the fact that it is the centre of such a wide circle of scenic beauty. Few, if any, towns are more charmingly situated. Few places have found such speedy recognition of their attractiveness, and none have better deserved the encomiums of enthusiastic visitors, than Banff, for of all the lovely resorts on the American continent, it is without a peer. Its surroundings are the mountain steepes, beside whose immense crags and peaks the works of man sink into insignificance. It is not a question of one mountain or of two, but of many, for they stretch away far as the eye can follow them in every direction, rolling back, one behind another, in varied and sublime confusion.

PRINCIPAL PEAKS SEEN FROM BANFF.

To the north, behind the pretty chalet-like C. P. R. station, made of immense peeled logs, rises the swelling, rounded back of Stony Squaw, with cliff-like buttresses projecting at its eastern end. Towering above this, majestic in its strength, dominating the whole scene, is Cascade



Dryas Octepetala.

dolomite peak, its symmetrical upper cone glistening virgin white in its mantle of everlasting snow, almost concealed, despite its superior height, by intervening mountain masses. The Bourgeau and Sulphur Ranges are contrasts, both of them, to the craggy and precipitous peaks north of the river, for they are rounding and hummocky in outline, with but a few rock ter-



The Spray River, near Cone Mt.

aces protruding, till near the summit outbulging bastions break the contours, revealing the rugged strength underlying the harmony of many hued forest with which they are clothed. Eastward lies Tunnel Mountain, a knob shaped hill, with a precipitous face to the south, and with a zigzagging carriage road traceable up its eastern side. It is but a thousand feet or so above the valley, and its ease of access, - many a visitor climbs it as an appetising walk before breakfast—and the magnificent view, make it the first and favorite trip of every tourist. Opposite it rise the up-tilted



Saxiraga Bronchialis.

terraces of Mount Rundle, almost 10,000 feet high, its sides furrowed and trenched by snowslides. From the valley it appears to have two summits, and so it is sometimes called Twin Peaks.

A MOUNTAIN SPLIT IN TWO.

The northern one is some thousand feet or more lower than the other. It is evident that time was when Tunnel was merely a shoulder of Rundle, but some tremendous cataclysm of nature split the huge mountain and Tunnel tilted northward—its rocky ribs being plainly discernible in the lateral stratification—and the sleepless, tireless Bow forced and fought itself through the opening, boring its way towards the limitless plain to the eastward. Above the murmur of the pines can be heard, rising and falling on the wind, the noise of the boiling Bow as it tears through the rapids, and its roar as it leaps over the Spray Falls.

It is a scene possessing almost every element of beauty, and many of sublimity. Over-arched, as it is in summer, with a sky that in its deep azure outrivals that of Italy, lit with the brilliant sunshine characteristic of Western Canada, and possessing an exhilarating atmosphere, full of ozone, purified by frost and forest, is it any wonder that overworked business men absorb its quiet peace like a sponge, and declare it to be the most invigorating spot on the Continent, or that pilgrims, in search of the beautiful pronounce the views superior to those of Zermatt or the Engadine?

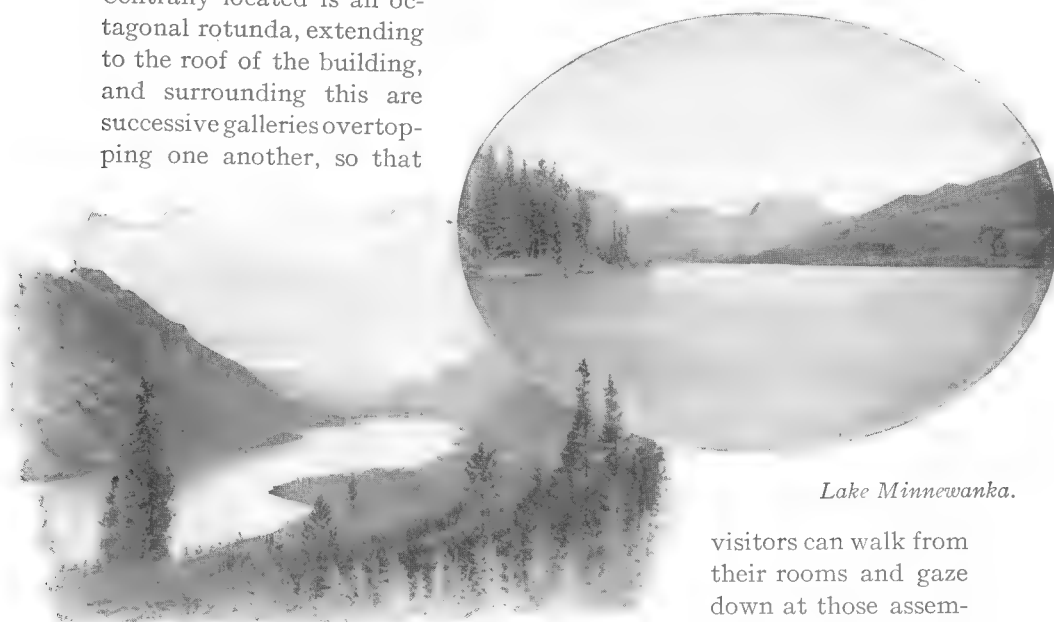
A WELL-KEPT VILLAGE.

Little need be said of Banff itself. Its inhabitants number but a few hundreds, but few villages of its size can compare with it municipally. The whole of the city being the property of the Dominion Government and under the control of the Park Superintendent, public improvements of all kinds are being constantly carried on to the great advantage of both residents and visitors. The main streets are broad and splendidly kept, the residences are in most instances tastefully designed and well maintained, and throughout the whole village there is an air of sylvan leisure and careful comfort. The stores, while not pretentious, have from years of experience and catering to visitors gained a complete knowledge of their requirements, and few indeed will be the needs, in the way of camping equipment, photography supplies, fishing tackle, and such like necessities for tourists, that the Banff stores cannot supply.

HOTEL ACCOMODATION—THE BANFF HOTEL.

Perhaps this is the most fitting place to say something of the hotel accomodation of Banff, a matter of first -class importance to the comfort and enjoyment of every visitor. Speaking generally, it may be said that few holiday resorts are better provided in this respect. Persons of all

tastes and means will find accomodation to suit them. The most important hotel is the Canadian Pacific Railway hotel, perched high above the valley of the Bow, where it joins the Spray and is deflected with a sudden turn eastward. The hotel commands a view perhaps unrivalled in America. Its location, on a rocky butte hardly large enough to contain it, and of which the top had to be blasted away before its foundations could be put in, was no trifling engineering feat, and the pleasing irregular architecture of the building harmonizes with the scenes by which it is surrounded. The hotel was enlarged in 1903, and now accommodates 300 guests. The interior arrangement of the older portion is most ingenious. Centrally located is an octagonal rotunda, extending to the roof of the building, and surrounding this are successive galleries overtopping one another, so that



Lake Minnewanka.

West End of Lake Minnewanka.

visitors can walk from their rooms and gaze down at those assembled below. Light stained and varnished pine is in evidence

throughout, and the whole effect is that of brightness and cosiness. The annex is equally homelike, and contains, because of its later erection, some improvements on the older building. In the comfortable refinement of its appointments and the completeness of detail marking the whole establishment, the Banff hotel ranks among the finest summer hotels to be found anywhere. The excellence of the cuisine and the perfection of the waiting—a characteristic of the Canadian Pacific service—are enhanced by the magnificence of the outlook from the dining hall, and the music rendered during dinner by an orchestra. In the evenings, after the day's excursions, when the guests are lounging in the roomy rotunda, basking in the warmth of the huge log fires in the big open fire-

places on either side, a charming instrumenal concert is given by the orchestra.

THE SANITORIUM.

The Banff Sanitorium, of which Dr. Brett is proprietor and director, is the next largest of the institutions for the accomodation of visitors. It is situated on the banks of the Bow River, facing the handsome steel bridge spanning it at the head of the rapids. Hither come, not only those in search of rest and pleasure, but those in search of the healing of the Banff waters, for the hot springs gushing from the base of Sulphur Mountain are charged with qualities curative of rheumatic and kindred troubles. These waters, which gush from the mountain at a temperature of 114.3 degrees, are piped down to the Canadian Pacific Hotel and the Sanitorium at both of which institutions bathing is reduced to an art, regular courses being taken by those requiring it daily. At the Sanitorium there are in addition to plain baths, steam, plunge and Turkish baths; while at the Banff hotel is one of the largest and best equipped swimming baths in the West, supplied with water direct from the sulphur springs.

In connection with each of these hotels is a livery, at which vehicles and saddle horses can be hired at moderate charges; drivers are provided if necessary.

In addition to the Banff hotel and the Sanitorium there are others less pretentious and more moderate in cost, but which it is not necessary to enumerate here. Many of the residents of the village take in boarders during the summer, at prices within the reach of the least wealthy of visitors.

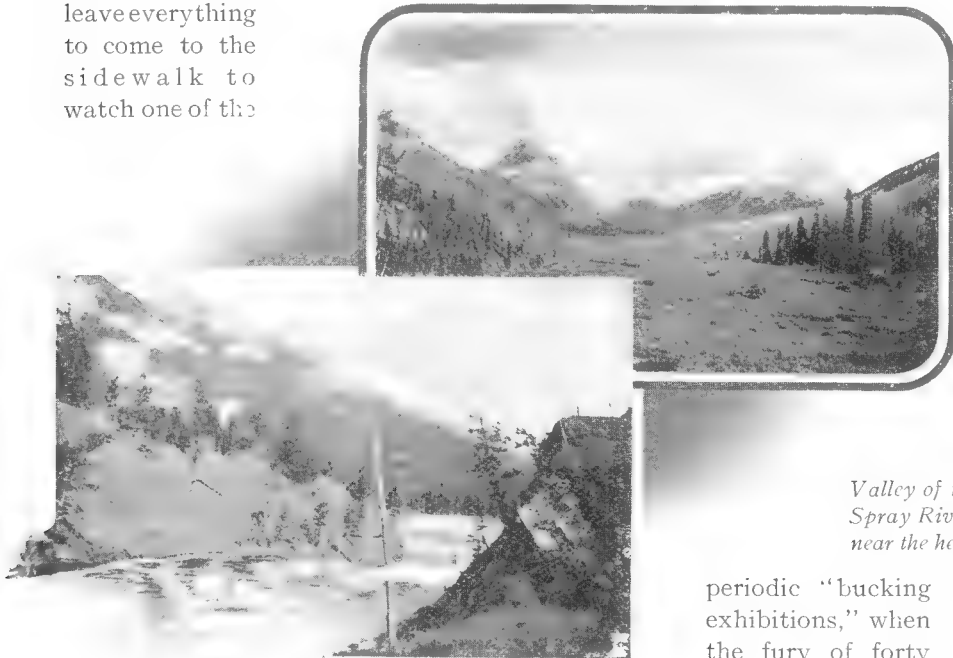
SUMMER COTTAGES.

In Banff, too, are a number of summer cottages, furnished with every requirement for a summer stay, with the exception of bedding and similar personal necessities. Many of these cottages can be rented at the rate of \$25 per month, and for visitors making a few week's stay, and to whom the large expenditure of a prolonged visit at a good hotel is a consideration this is undoubtedly the cheapest and by no means the least satisfactory, way of enjoying the beauties of the Park. As the demand for these cottages considerably exceeds the supply, it is advisable to engage them for weeks, indeed months, ahead. This can best be done by advising the Superintendent of the Park, at Banff, giving particulars as to time and duration of visit.

TYPICAL WESTERN SCENES SEEN IN BANFF.

In the town of Banff itself, as before stated, there is not a great deal that need detain the sightseer. The principal attraction to the easterner, or to the dweller in cities, is the introduction to the essentially western atmosphere of the place. To the "tenderfoot" from the crowded cen-

tres of humanity, this in itself is a never-ending source of interest. At any hour of the day can be seen a cowboy riding down the main street driving before him a "bunch" of agile, undersized, rough, tough ponies, donkey-rumped, ewe-necked, with long flowing tails, and ears that upon little or no provocation will lay back, and eyes that on such occasions will roll and glare in equine fury. Not infrequently merchants, clerks, customers and visitors will leave everything to come to the sidewalk to watch one of the



*Valley of the
Spray River,
near the head*

Looking down the Spray Falls

periodic "bucking exhibitions," when the fury of forty fiends seems to be incarnated in one

of the bronchos, or "cayuses." With back arched like a bow, head between legs, and all four feet close enough together to stand on a dinner plate, he essays to rid himself of his rider. If that unfortunate happen to be, even though a good equestrian, unused to the peculiar accomplishments of a "cayuse" his speedy dethronement is merely a matter of seconds. The first buck will probably put him on the horn of the huge Mexican saddle used everywhere in the mountains, the second will land him on the broncho's neck, and at the third he will describe an irregular parabola, and strike Mother Earth, amid the good-natured bantering comments of the onlookers, and with considerably more of respect for his small steed than when he mounted. Once rid of his rider, the cayuse will stand placidly, or proceed to graze with the utmost unconcern. Should, however, the rider be one of the guides or cowboys always to be seen in Banff, the spectacle is one that to the uninitiated

will long be remembered. The animal may leap, rear, bore, plunge or side jump, but nothing he may do will dislodge his rider, who sways easily as a centaur to every motion; and indeed, not infrequently deliberately provokes his mount to wilder exhibitions of temper, that he may the better display his horsemanship. Five or ten minutes is usually the limit of these exhibitions, for the broncho realizes at length that the rider controls the situation, and subsides to his usual phlegmatic indifference to all things human.

THE DEPARTURE OF A PACK TRAIN.

Frequently, too, the town is enlivened by the departure of the pack train accompanying parties with programs more ambitious than the mere riding, driving and boating expeditions satisfying the majority of visitors. When such a party is getting ready to leave, ten or fifteen wicked ponies, some in a corral and the rest tied to trees waiting to be packed, may be seen. If the horses are making their first trip for the season, there will be considerable bucking and kicking before all is ready. The men may be seen bustling about, assorting and weighing the packs, and making order out of the pile of blankets and tents, and the bags of flour, beans, bacon and other necessities. The cayuses are saddled and cinched up one by one, with many a protesting kick and bite. The celebrated "diamond hitch" is used for fastening the packs; and the struggling men look picturesque enough in their sombreros and many pocketed clothes as they tighten the ropes, bravely on the gentle horses, but rather gingerly when it comes to one of whose predilection for bucking experience has taught them. The picturesque train of horses at length files down the street, led by the old-bellmare, (sometimes there is a fight between two of the train as to which shall have the honors of precedence) and under a fusilade of snap shot cameras and the wondering gaze of new arrivals from the East the journey to the wilderness is begun.

THE MUSEUM.

But apart from the interest taken in the sights characteristic of every western mountain town, and of the all-pervading beauty of the view in every direction, the principal attraction of the town of Banff is the museum maintained by the Dominion Government, which is a most attractively designed building. To the geologist, the botanist and the naturalist, indeed to any one who desires to increase his stock of information as to the natural history and geography of the Park, and who has but a short time at his disposal, the museum may be perhaps the centre of interest. The collection is by no means complete, for it is being added to every year, by purchase from the Government grant, and to a certain extent by private generosity, but it contains much to interest and inform

both the man of science and the layman. The characteristic geological formations, many splendidly preserved specimens of the animals, fishes and birds to be found within the Park, as well as a carefully mounted and classified herbarium, are among its chief attractions. Indian relics and specimens of Indian workmanship, many of them of extraordinary interest, are also to be seen. The official in charge has for years taken a record of temperature, and the meteorological charts will repay examination by the weatherwise.

THE DRIVE TO THE CAVE AND BASIN.

One of the first points to be visited will certainly be the Cave and Basin, about a mile from Bow Bridge, westward, up the valley of the Bow. A beautiful drive on a winding, well-kept road cut between tall, stately pines, and skirting the broad base of Sulphur Mountain, leads to the spot. At almost any hour of the day parties may be met walking, wheeling or driving to or from this spot, the feature of the Park that first attracted attention. A low lying ridge from Sulphur Mountain is rounded the road broadens out, and on either hand are seen quaint, rustic log buildings. Well-kept and prettily laid out gardens front that to the right -the caretaker's cottage. The splash of the fountain in front of it, as it falls into its rock rimmed basin, mingles with the merry cries of the bathers in the basin on the other side of the road.

THE BASIN.

The cave is some 30 or 40 yards nearer Banff than the basin, but the latter is by far the most popular resort. It is approached through a



Bull Buffalo.

*Camp of Stony Indians
on Cascade River.*

Geo. McLean, of Morley.



THE FRASER RIVER, B.C.

small building, where visitors purchase their bathing tickets and register, receiving their bathing costumes if they have not brought their own, and where comfortable waiting or lounging rooms are provided. There is no charge for inspection of the Basin or Cave, but only for the baths.

Passing on one comes to the basin itself—an oval pool of water, in hue a most delicate green, surrounded on three sides by white limestone rocks. Half way around runs a wooden platform, enabling visitors to watch the bathers. In summer the surrounding rocks gleam with color, for wild flowers grow with rich profusion. Steps from the bathing house lead down into the pool, and a stout rope is stretched midway across it. The western portion being shallower, is reserved for the use of those unable to swim. In the deeper eastern end the rocks, which have a somewhat pendent, stalactic formation, droop like a curtain over the portion of the Basin which extends toward the Cave, and is doubtless connected therewith. The more adventurous of the visitors dive under them, and come up into a small rock-canopied chamber, with deep water for its floor, the low roof close over their heads, and everywhere dark save for the faint green light, filtering through the water at the submerged opening. Onward, winding through deeper darkness, and cut off at frequent intervals by curtains of rock, the subterranean waters wind towards the Cave.

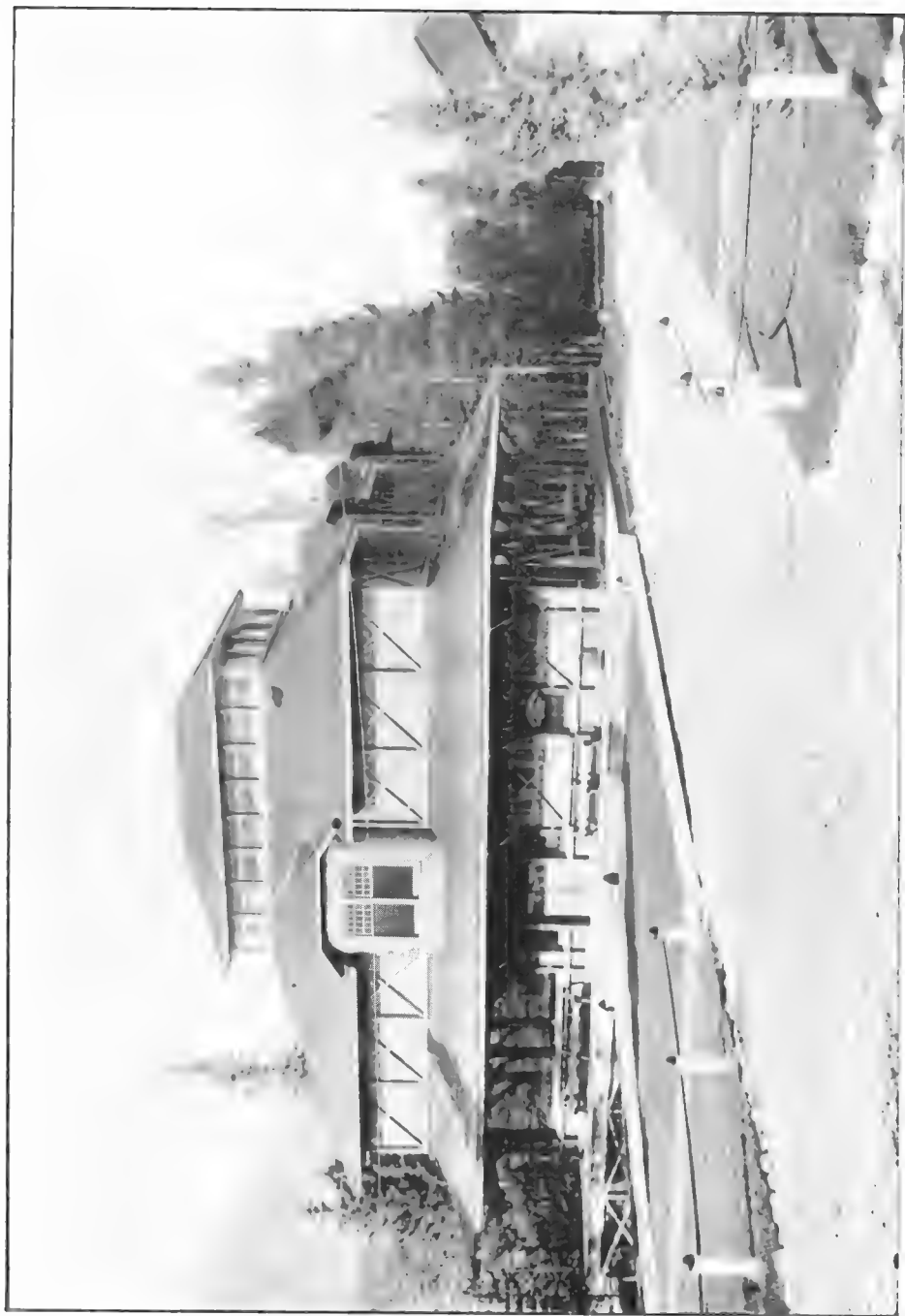
THE SPRINGS OF THE BASIN.

The deepest portion of the Basin is between 10 and 12 ft., and such is the clearness of the green water that every contour of the bottom, and every stone lying in it, is clearly visible from the platform. From the steps of the spring-board used by divers it can be still more clearly seen—steeply, sloping funnel shaped and stone strewn. In this funnel is the main spring of the Basin, and every few seconds the bubbling rings marking the flow of the water can be seen rising and spreading almost to the edge of the pool. There are other springs under the rocks at the small Cave at the eastern end, and the current from them is also clearly traceable.

The water at the Cave and Basin is not as hot as at the Hot Springs farther up the mountain,—which, indeed, is of too high a temperature for bathing. The water in the cave is somewhat warmer than that of the Basin. Both Cave and Basin are under the charge of courteous and efficient caretakers in the employ of the Dominion Government, which has erected the bathing houses and made all the improvements to make them available for visitors.

THE CAVE.

The Cave, while not as largely patronized, is in many respects more interesting than the Basin. It is a large chamber within the mountains, formed partly by a subsidence of the rocks while cooling, and partly by



Office of Superintendent, and Museum.

water erosion. Its roof is dome-like in shape, its apex being some twenty-feet above the floor level. At the crown of the dome there is a small opening, or vent, two feet or more in diameter, and piercing the rock roof six or eight feet to the outer air. This opening is the only natural communication to the Cave, and till a few years ago was the sole means of ingress and egress.

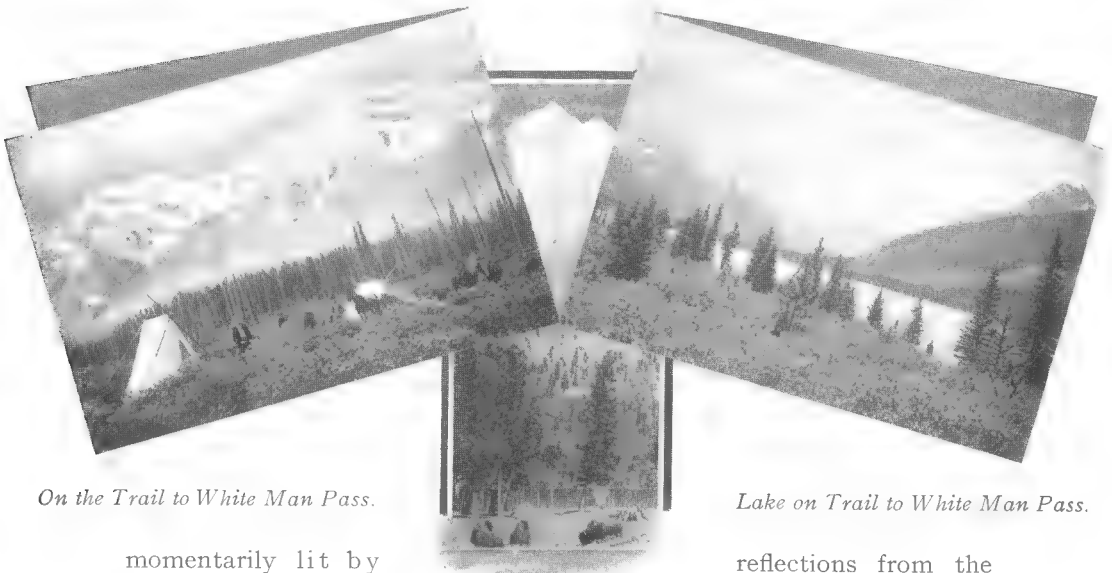
THE PLIGHT OF A POLITICIAN.

He who desired to explore the mysteries within had perforce to imperil life and limb thuswise. First he had to disrobe on the mountain side above, and then he must descend an improvised ladder made of slats nailed crosswise to the slender trunk of a young fir. The squeezing through the upper tunnel, and the certainty of leaving a portion of one's cuticle in the passage, the dense darkness and mystery below, and the knowledge that a mis-step would mean a douche into the hot lake beneath were considerations calculated to debar all but the most adventurous, and it is no wonder that the number of those who had explored the recesses of the Cave was, until the construction of the tunnel, very few. The vent above the Cave can be seen by climbing the rocks around the Basin, and keeping parallel with the road from Banff. It is roughly walled in to prevent accidents. Should it be an old Banff resident that guides you to the spot, it is almost certain that he will tell you the ower true tale of a certain provincial premier of Canada, who, some years ago, when as yet the natural shaft was the only means of access, made an attempt to explore the Cave. He was courageous—but he was also corpulent, and half way down the shaft, to the alarm of his friends above, and to his own horror, he stuck! The length of time the statesman remained a fixture in the narrow opening, the details of the mechanical devices resorted to by his friends for his extrication, and the terms used by the unfortunate to describe his own folly in essaying such an adventure, have all doubtless been strengthened and magnified by the passage of time, though they constitute one of the stock stories of the neighborhood. One good result, however, is said to have accrued from the politician's misfortune, for it is popularly believed that it was he who made such representations to the Dominion Government as induced them to build the tunnel by which the Cave is now approached.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CAVE.

The caretaker, who in bathing hours is always busy attending to the requirements of those at the Basin, will on request conduct visitors to the Cave. A short distance along the Banff road is the entrance, and after the guide has unlocked the door, the visitor finds himself in an ante-room hewn out of the rock, and very dark. A lamp is lit, and after a minute or two's stay, to enable the eyes to become accustomed to the gloom, after

the intense brightness of the sunlight just left, the guide leads the way through the tunnel. It is not of great length, and winds somewhat. Here and there steps have to be ascended or descended, till at length the Cave itself is reached, a large chamber with over-arching rock roof, pierced by the aperture already described. Huge stalactites are pendent from the dome above, from which water drips with slow regularity. The gloom of the Cave has in its hue a curious gray-green quality which contrasted with the dry white sunlight left but a few moments before appears unreal, mysterious, almost awesome. Little imagination is required to believe this the erstwhile home of gnome or giant, and when the dark recesses are



On the Trail to White Man Pass.

Lake on Trail to White Man Pass.

Buffalo.

momentarily lit by glittering water-tortuous moss clothed ing away into impene-

may easily fancy that the caves rightful owners are still in possession, and are merely driven into deeper caverns by this invasion of curious twentieth century sightseers. The narrow ray of light from the outside world above, falling athwart the gloom, adds to the mystery and unreality of the scene. It suggests and calls to mind the religious paintings of the middle ages, when Spanish and Flemish artists pictured angelic visitants sweeping down a beam of glorious light to announce the will of their Lord to men below.

reflections from the facets, dimly revealing rock channels, wind-trable darkness, one

A NATURAL TURKISH AND PLUNGE BATH.

The pool of water, hot from underground fires, forming the floor of the Cave, is roughly circular in shape. The temperature of the pool is

higher than that of the Basin, and the air of the Cave resembles that of a Turkish bath, being hot, moist and somewhat oppressive. The water is in colour of the deepest and most transparent green, and is never still. Though no breath of wind stirs its surface, it laps against the rocky sides with restless constancy. The bubbles from the hot springs can be seen rising and spreading through the emerald clearness, reminding the spectator of how thin a crust separates him from that primeval underworld of fire which heats this wondrous cauldron. Though the light of the sun never made its pellucid surface radiant, and for countless ages its very existence was unknown, the pool has lapped and plashed against its rock-rimmed edges in rhythmic undulations, in this cavern in the snow-topped, tree-clad mountain, boiling as if fierce furnace fires were burning beneath it, and now is daily evoking and stimulating sensations of wonder, delight and awe in the hearts and minds of the thousands of visitors who each season witness it.

THE ROAD TO THE HOT SPRINGS.

Having inspected the Cave and Basin, the visitor naturally desires to see the head-waters of the springs—the healing torrent that gushes out from higher up Sulphur Mountain. The journey thither is about two miles by road from the Banff Hotel, and somewhat less from the Bow Bridge, though a foot path shortens the distance for pedestrians familiar with it. The springs are about 800 feet above Banff, and the drive there—to along the lower slopes of the mountain is very beautiful, winding through fir and pine-clad stretches overlooking lovely scenery. As the carriage proceeds, the valley below opens out like a map, and the views of Rundle, Ingusmaldie and Cascade become with each step more enchanting. The conduits piping the waters to the Banff Hotel and the Sanitorium are frequently seen, sometimes supported on trestles. And at length when almost level with the summit of Tunnel Mountain one comes to a tongue of open land running up the mountain side, the murmur of plashing water falls upon the ear, and the Springs are reached.

THE HOT SPRINGS.

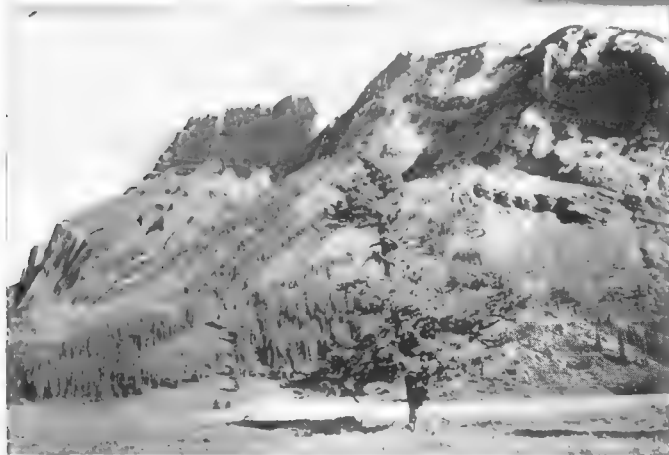
The hot water gushes from the side of the mountain, fifty or sixty feet above the level of the road. It soon breaks its channel, and diffuses itself in fanshaped terraces of a most beautifully confused variety of color—yellow, brown, red, pink, lavender, gray and creamy white. In the sunlight, with the water glittering like crystal as it falls over the radiantly coloured rocks, the high lights and the brilliant coloring almost make the eyes ache. In each of the terraces are many small pools, with gaily colored, daintily scalloped and crenelated rims—beautiful limestone cups and bowls that form natural bathing places. In these variously tinted sintar and travertine hollows, are brilliantly hued *confervæ*

smooth and silky. No bed of flower bloom is more exquisite than these myriads of minute plants, visible only in mass, growing in the hot waters.

WATERS OF HEALING.

Here are the waters of healing for rheumatic and kindred ailments, and to them invalids resort from all parts of the world. Some years ago a rude Sanitorium was erected at the Springs and the cures recorded as happening there would almost stagger belief. The Sanitorium—at best a rough, primitive affair—was burned to the ground.

Its ruins can still be seen, and the visitor to the Springs still uses the steps up the mountain, and walks along the log-embanked terraces made by its proprietor.



Mt. Rundle, from Lower Park, Banff.

*Mt. Rundle, from Anthracite.
N. W. M. P. Team.*

As before stated, the waters at this, the head fountain, are many degrees hotter than after they have been piped down into the valley, and—though this is of course fallacious—are popularly supposed to be of greater medicinal strength.

In consequence of this belief many who come to Banff for the cure take treatment up here in the open air. This is true too of the afflicted, who cannot afford even

the moderate charges of the Sanitorium, which, being under skilled medical supervision, enjoys a practical monopoly of those visiting the Springs in search of health. These poorer patients, who stay at boarding houses in the village, and in summer time often camp in tents, have built a sort of improvised bath in the channel of the springs. It was made of smooth painted boards evidently picked from the ruins of the burned hotel. One broad board for a floor and ten for the sides, constituted the whole apparatus, and down the channel thus formed the healing waters gush in a torrent.

The Dominion Government has now erected a most complete and up-to-date Bath house, including Hot Sulphur baths, cold shower, hot plunge, cold plunge, sweating rooms as well as a large swimming pool.

SOME WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS.

Scattered about the hillside along the spring are many boards stuck in crevices between the rocks. They are little tomb-stones—to departed rheumatism; monuments to restored health; testimonials of healing that would make the fortune of any patent medicine proprietor. "I had to be carried up the springs" says one of these, "could not bear even the motion of a carriage. I had not walked for two years, and every movement was an agony. In three weeks after coming here I walked down to Banff, and in five I ran a foot race. Praise God." "I threw away the crutches I had used for four years," says another of these testimonials to the healing of the springs, "after I had been here ten days. I walked with a stick for two weeks, and then threw that away, too." "A month after I began to take the baths," says another, "I climbed to the top of Sulphur Mountain. For five years before then I had not been able to walk without a crutch." One of the testimonies to the efficacy of the waters was business-like in its completeness and brevity, in the accuracy of its diagnosis and in the pathetic, half revealed tragedy of a strong man made helpless by illness, and dependent on the labor of those it was his dearest desire to provide for. "Am an engineer 37 years of age. Caught a chill six years ago. In six months was so crippled I could do no work. A year later my savings were gone, and my wife and her father supported the family. Had given up all hope of being anything but a useless wreck and a burden to my friends. A friend of mine had his sciatica cured here. He told me of it, said that Banff would cure me, and lent me \$150.00 to come. I have been here eleven weeks and am now perfectly well. The swelling has gone out of my wrist, knees and ankles. I stand erect without pain. I have walked unaided from Banff to the Spring for my bath three times a day (a distance of ten miles, half of it up hill) for the past two weeks. I am going home to Peoria, Illinois, perfectly cured—I, who never thought to take another step again. This is certainly the greatest cure in the

world." Some of the "cures" drop into doggerel verse in reciting the benefits they have received, and, though scansion and meter might be improved, there is no doubt as to the sincerity of the gratitude prompting these poetic efforts, or to the genuineness of the cure effected. These testimonials are written on odd boards, on fence rails and on door jambs, left of the burned hotel, and, were they published, would constitute one of the most interesting and unique collections of absolutely trustworthy medical testimony extant.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE SPRINGS.

In years gone by, the Dominion Government leased these springs to private parties who undertook to improve them, and erect suitable buildings to enable their benefits to be availed of by the suffering. Since the destruction of the buildings by fire patients have had no facilities for proper treatment at the head springs. The lessees declined to rebuild, and the Dominion Government, after giving them abundantly necessary time, and ascertaining their intention, at length decided to cancel the lease, which, as before stated, was at all times conditional on the use of the property for curative purposes. Arrangements are now in progress for the erection of properly equipped bath houses, with all necessary conveniences and



*The Hoodoos, and
Mt. Rundle,
Banff.*



Mt. Rundle, from Canmore.



BANFF AND THE CASCADE MOUNT FROM THE SANITARIUM

when these improvements are completed, the Banff Hot Springs will enter on a new era of healing, and their benefits will be available to greatly increased numbers, at a minimum of expense and a maximum of convenience.

ANALYSIS OF THE HOT SPRINGS WATER.

It may be of interest to give an analysis of the hot sulphur water effecting such marvellous cures. Mr. McGill, assistant analyst of the Canadian Government, who recently made a full examination of the Banff water supplies, reports:

"The water is very free from organic impurities and gives no albuminoid nitrogen. * * * Each gallon contains dissolved sulphuretted hydrogen to the amount of 0.3 grains (equivalent to 0.8 cubic inch.)

"The dissolved solids are as follows:—

Chlorine (in chlorides).....	0.42 grains.
Sulphuric Acid (SO ₃).....	38.50 "
Silica (SiO ₂)	2.31 "
Lime (CaO).....	24.85 "
Magnesia (Mg ^o).....	4.87 "
Alkalies (As Soda, Na ₂ O)	0.62 "
Lithium.....	A decided trace.

"The temperature of the spring is 114.3 degrees Fahrenheit.

THE LITHIA SPRING.

On the way down to Banff from the Hot Springs, another spring is passed locally known as the lithia spring. It is as yet unimproved, though its curative properties for kidney trouble have a wide reputation in the Canadian West. Analyst McGill reports that the quantity of Lithium in the spring is at least one hundred times as great as in some of the so-called lithia waters placed on the market. Many of the Banff citizens bottle it for private use.

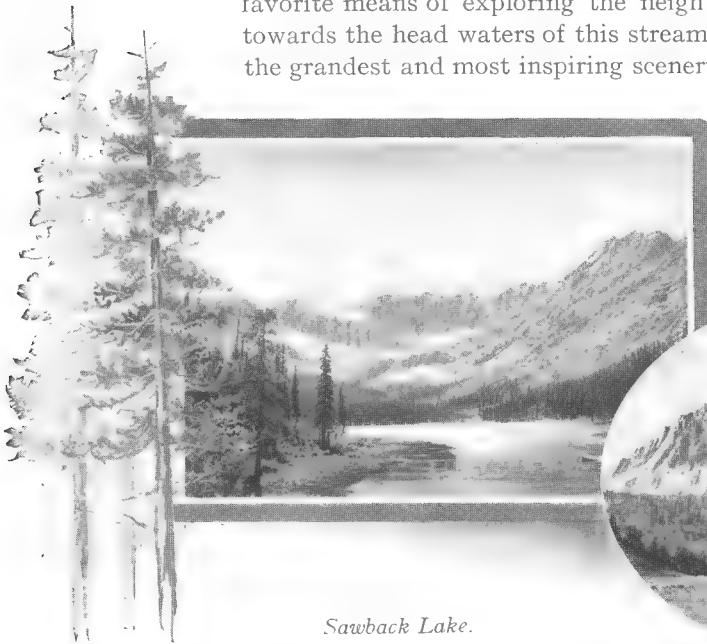
THE BOW FALLS.

Another of the sights that is sure to claim early attention from the visitors is the Bow Falls situated beneath the Banff Hotel. Almost as soon as the Bow passes under the Banff bridge, it eddies and rushes as if preparing for its final leap. Soon it begins to foam and boil. Jagged black rocks, with their softer tissues worn away by the rushing stream, stand up here and there out of the roaring flood, dripping and glistening like natural fangs. Churned to a whiteness like that of milk, it roars and hisses through the trench it has worn at the base of Tunnel Mountain, leaps down to small ledges, and then hurls itself a stream 80 feet wide, in a deafening cataract of wonderful beauty. It is not, of course, comparable with the Falls of Niagara or the Yellowstone, but among the

lesser falls of the Continent it has few rivals. Comfortable rustic seats are placed at various points within view, and at all hours of the day can be seen visitors quietly reading, or gazing at the panorama of beauty of which the Falls form so striking a centre.

BOATING AND CANOEING.

Above the bridge, the waters of the Bow are navigable for about nine miles, and boating and canoeing are much enjoyed by the visitors. A quarter of a mile up stream from the bridge, the boat house can be seen, white against the sombre green of the pines, with the Canadian Ensign on its tall flag-staff, fluttering in the breeze. A roomy and comfortable launch can be utilized for excursions up the Bow, and few trips are more enjoyable than the cruise up the glacial-green river, where every winding bend opens up new vistas of charming scenery. Through gaps in the Saw-back range the snowy pinnacle of Mount Edith can be seen, pointing heavenward like a finger, remote, cold, pure, inaccessible. From the face of the mountain toward the Bow, the ascent of this Peak is hopeless, but it is not difficult to gain the summit from its northern side. The road to Sun Dance Canyon can occasionally be seen on the left, gleaming yellow among the trees, and the rounding Sulphur and Bourgeau Mountains heave their giant shoulders skyward above it, grass mantled or forest clad. The Sun Dance Creek, which drains the region between the two ranges, flows into the Bow, a noisy, turbulent little stream, and further up, Healy Creek, carrying a much bigger volume of water, joins the larger river. There is a packtrail up Healy Creek, which is one of the favorite means of exploring the neighboring mountains, and towards the head waters of this stream is to be found some of the grandest and most inspiring scenery in the Park.



Sawback Lake.



Hillsdale Ranch and the Sawback Range.

THE VERMILLION LAKES.

Just before it reaches Banff, the Bow flows through a wide Savannah, where the most luxuriant grass grows, and which is a very floral paradise. Looking northward over the wide-spreading grassy sea, the Vermillion Lakes can be seen, nestling like jewels in the emerald expanse. The trip up the Vermillion Lakes is one of the pleasantest canoe excursions possible. At the boat house light row boats and Peterborough canoes can be hired, trim and gay little crafts, which tempt one to explore the waters. Fishing tackle and bait can be procured here also, if the visitor did not bring them with him. Take the waters to the right, a little way above the boat house, and paddle under the railway bridge, through reaches of still water over-arched by stately trees, and forming sylvan avenues of ever-changing loveliness. A little higher up will be noticed a sign board—"Echo Creek: To the Vermillion Lakes"—where a little stream, less than 20 feet in breadth, winds away under the trees. The mouth of the Echo is a famous fishing station, and many a fine string is caught here daily. It is, in fact, a veritable fishes' playground, and they can be clearly seen in the pellucid water, darting from under the canoe as it is paddled forward. But when the Bow River is high the most skillful angler may cast his line in vain, for at such times the waters back up the creek, (which has the very slightest fall) and the current sets in a reverse direction. The fish then forsake their favorite pool, until the creek runs in its accustomed way.

UP ECHO CREEK.

The advantages of a canoe over the rowing boat are apparent as soon as the creek is entered, for, though three or four feet in depth right up to the bank, it speedily becomes so narrow as to make progress by means of oars difficult, and well-nigh impossible, while the canoe can be propelled with ease in a channel four or five feet in width. The delight of paddling up such a narrow water way must be experienced to be appreciated. After nearly a mile of such Arcadian travel, the stream emerges on a wide grassy Savannah, and the first of the Vermillion Lakes is reached. It is no where of great depth—the bottom is visible everywhere—and here and there swaying islands of tall rushes bend to the breeze. At its farther side can be seen some of the Springs that are the Lake's source of supply. They each well out from the bottom of a long funnel of inverted cone of purest sand, plainly visible all the way to the bottom, and from ten to fifteen feet across at the upper end. These funnels are the fishes' playgrounds, and in all of them can be seen numbers of fish, lazily swimming in a circle, or gaily chasing each other around its rim. But the fish are wise, at least few are ever caught at these holes. They will sail up to the bait, sniff it, apparently satisfying themselves not only as to what it is, but as to the purpose for which it is, so temptingly hung within reach, and sail

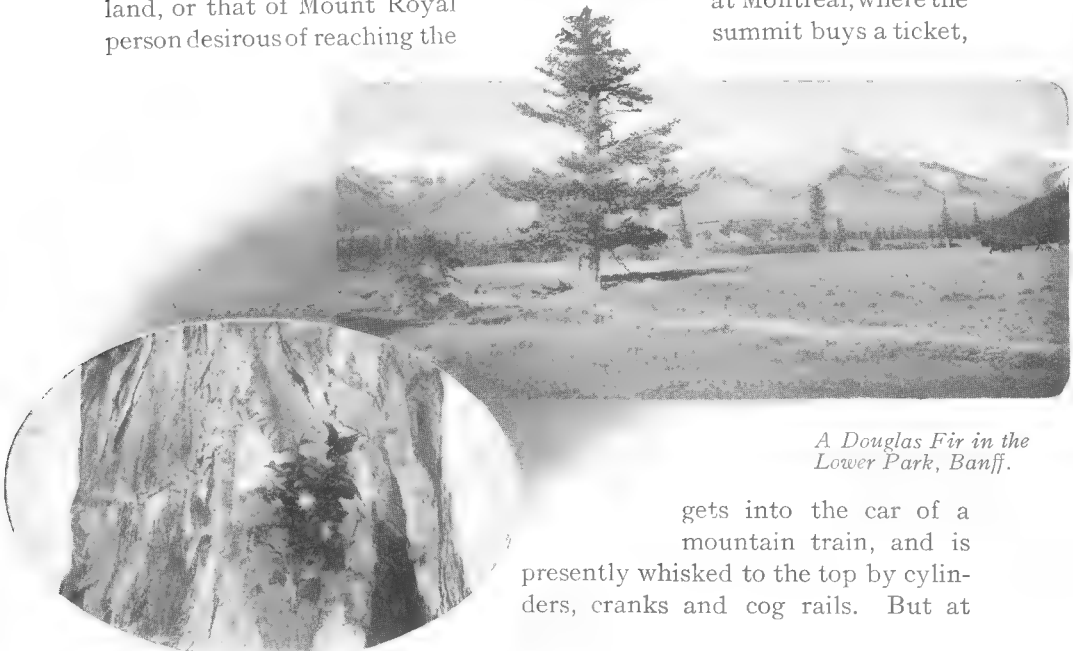
deliberately away. "Surely," says the Psalmist, "surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." The proverb certainly has a piscatorial application.

THE SECOND AND THIRD LAKES.

A sign-board on the farther side of this lake marks the channel to the next, which is similar in character, and is reached by a creek quite as narrow and fully as beautiful. More of the spring fish-holes can be seen in this lake near the creek giving access to the third or upper lake. This cannot be reached by canoe, as the stream is dammed across, to flood the strath through which it flows, that the grass on the level may grow the better. Of all the expeditions that can be made from Banff few are more enjoyable than this water excursion, combining as it does the ease of paddling characteristic of canoeing in the almost currentless streams of level plains, with the superb scenery of the greatest mountain range in the continent.

EASY MOUNTAIN CLIMBS.

The pleasures of mountain climbing are usually reckoned as being among the more strenuous forms of enjoyment, and are generally participated in only by the active and athletic, but at Banff it is possible for the untrained, the sedentary, and the middle-aged to reach quite respectable altitudes. Tunnel Mountain and Sulphur Mountain are both examples of "mountain climbing made easy." True, their ascent is not reduced to as mechanical a process as that of Rigi and other mountains in Switzerland, or that of Mount Royal at Montreal, where the person desirous of reaching the summit buys a ticket,



A Douglas Fir in the Lower Park, Banff.

gets into the car of a mountain train, and is presently whisked to the top by cylinders, cranks and cog rails. But at

Trunk of the Douglas Fir.

Tunnel Mountain—the mountain knob rising across the Bow—one can journey three quarters of the way up by carriage, and all the way up by pony. A road has been cut up the face of the hill, and zig-zags in switch-backs almost to the top, and from the point at which it ceases an excellent bridle path leads to the summit. But, even to those unused to muscular exertion, the walk up is merely invigorating exercise.

THE VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF TUNNEL MOUNTAIN.

The view from the summit is superb on its southern front, that towards Mount Rundle. Tunnel Mountain is a sheer precipice, dropping almost a thousand feet into the valley of the Bow. The intervening lesser peak hides the real summit of Rundle, which, 10,000 feet high, towers almost a mile above our heads. Away to the south, between Rundle and Sulphur, can be seen the Goat Mountain, and, were we higher up, Mount Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of the Rockies, would also be visible in that direction. The Spray River can be traced, a thread of silver, winding between mountain sides of virgin forest, and its junction with the Bow can be seen right at our feet. The immense height of Cascade can be appreciated from the fact that, at this elevation, it rears its towering pyramidal mass apparently as high above us as ever. From the northwest, where the higher peaks of the Rockies are, the Bow can be seen threading its way daintily and delicately through forest and strath. The thunder of its falls can be heard below us, and, forcing a passage through the gorge between Tunnel and Rundle, the river sweeps triumphantly to the vast prairies eastward, hid from us by the intervening Fairholme ranges. Like diamonds gleaming from a setting of emeralds, the Vermillion Lakes can be seen clustering to the northwest. Between them and the Bow can be discerned a thin yellow thread, and thereon one often sees something creeping snail like, with a little vapory puff at its forward end. That is a train on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which, stupendous as its engineering undoubtedly was, appears a most insignificant affair when measured against the mighty mountain masses it pierces. Beyond a series of gravel ridges which are relics of the glacial period can be seen the western end of Lake Minnewanka, with Ingusmaldie and Peechee towering up from its southern side, and Aylmer—10,335 feet high—rearing its snowy cone high above all neighboring peaks to the north.

The summit of Tunnel Mountain is some acres in extent, and there is a saddle or hollow running across it. In this saddle on the top of the mountain, the Masonic Order some years ago held their Grand Lodge, and the rocks used as altar, and to mark the positions of the officers can still be seen.

THE DRIVE DOWN TUNNEL.

The descent to the valley is naturally much easier than the climb. If the visitor descends by carriage, he cannot fail to admire the steadiness

and intelligent horses, who, trip every exact a know-turn and road as their have been true, when the not made with careful slow-which visitors driven, and on occasions the present. He with the Cor-North-West lice, the splen-body of men tion is world-for so many been the re-and enforcers of the law and order in the Canadian Territories.



Aylmer Canyon.

gence of the making the day, have as ledge of every curve of the drivers. There times, it is descent was the cautious, ness with are always one of these writer was had gone up poral of the Mounted Po-didly efficient whose reputa-wide, and who years have representatives

ROYALTY MAKES A RECORD.

Among the Police are many superb drivers—men who can tool six horses with ease over almost impossible mountain trails. My driver had told me that to him had fallen the honor of driving the Princess of Wales—then Duchess of York—up and down the Mountain during their Canadian tour, and with the same team—a spirited and intelli-

gent black and bay—as he was then driving. He was proceeding down with all the care due to his Royal passenger, when the Duchess asked him if it would not be safe to go faster. Replying in the affirmative he quickened his team's pace, and



On the Trail to Mt. Aylmer.

soon they were coming down the mountain side at a keen smart trot that at times broke into a loping canter, swinging round the switch-backs, with brakes gripping and grinding, where a second's hesitation or a moment's mis-judgment would have wrecked the carriage on the rocks on the hither side, or have hurled them over the precipice at the outer. But in perfect safety they zig-zagged down the mountain face and dropped into the valley. "And," said the Corporal, "the Duchess was delighted, and said she wished we had farther to go, and she gave me this to remember the trip by," and producing his watch from the pocket of his natty uniform, he shewed a locket hanging from its leathern chain. He put it away with a care that shewed how much he prized the royal gift, and then, remarking, "I'll show you how we went," he chirruped to the team, touched the bay slightly on the flank and, keen and obedient, the spirited animals swung down the grade. At the first switch-back, death and destruction loomed large before his passenger's eyes, for straight ahead was the cliff, with the Cascade Mountain silhouetted against the sky two or more miles away, and nothing but vacancy intervening. There seemed absolutely nothing to prevent a drop to the valley five hundred feet beneath. But, rising on the brake-lever, and holding up the team till the carriage tongue was almost level with their ears, the horses sidestepped daintily, swung round the shoulder of rock, and straightened out for the next descent. When once used to the danger, and the skill of the teamster became appreciated, the drive acted like wine, giving a sense of exhilaration proportioned to the excitement, and, once safely down, one who had been through the experience would appreciate at its true value the high courage of Britain's Queen to be.

THE N. W. M. P. QUARTERS.

Since the Mounted Police have been mentioned, the Banff station of the force may here be noted. It lies to the north side of Bow Bridge, an unpretentious cluster of low, one storied buildings, marked by the white-washed rocks serving in lieu of a fence to separate it from the road side. Scrupulous neatness and cleanliness mark the quarters, as it does the men, who, for smart, soldierly appearance, as well as for efficiency, are among the finest forces in the world. As a body they are modest as they are capable, and rarely tell of their exploits, which, though at times thrilling enough, are accepted by them as matters of course incident to the proper discharge of their duty. But sometimes, over a friendly pipe, in congenial companionship with plainsmen and guides engaged in "swapping yarns," they become retrospective and reminiscent, and tell of going single-handed in among Indian camps, and taking therefrom lawbreaking braves, of long lonely hunts for cattle rustlers or horse thieves, where every trick of trail and woodcraft was employed to throw them off the scent and where

the men they sought to capture were as desperate as their pursuers were resolute. Nowadays, practically the only duty of the Police in the Park is to see that the game laws are enforced. Though their exploits with rebellious Indians and desperadoes of the plains furnish themes for many exciting tales, that portion of their duties has been for years a sinecure.

THE STONY INDIANS AND MISSIONARY RUNDLE.

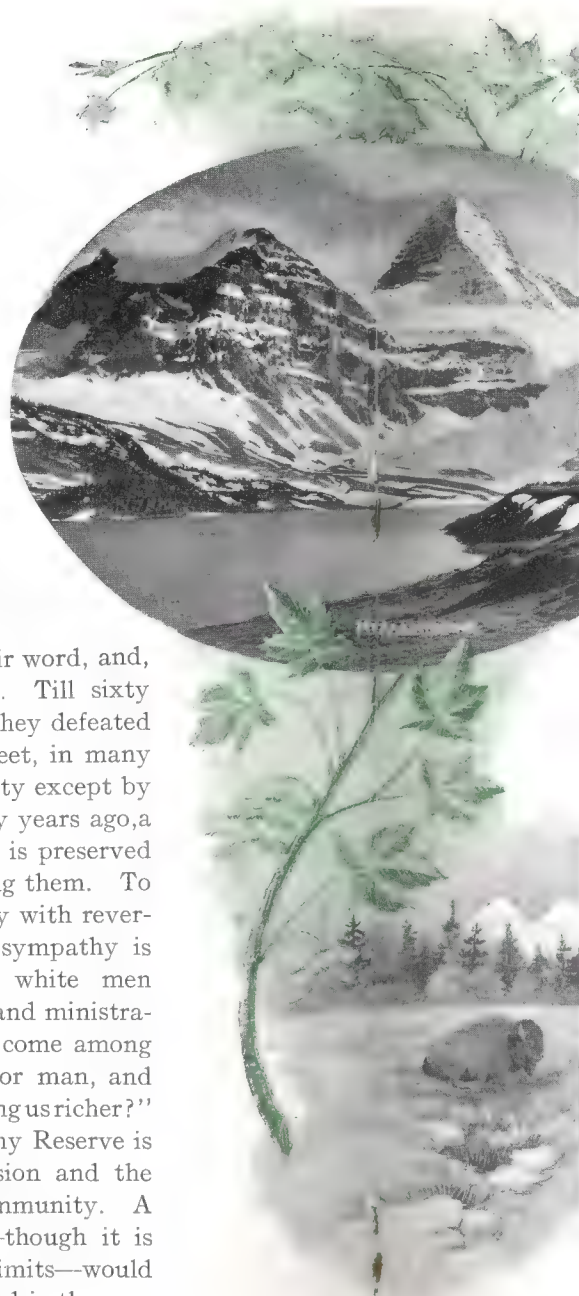
The Indians nearest the Park are the Stonies, at Morley, whose reserve adjoins the eastern limits of the Park. The only characteristics distinguishing the Stony from his white brother are his dress, the color of his skin, and his superior Christianity. The Stonies are exceptionally faithful; they cannot be tempted to steal; they are true to their word, and, more incredible still, they have an abhorrence of alcohol. Till sixty years ago they were the fiercest fighters of the foothills. They defeated and cruelly punished their hereditary enemies, the Blackfeet, in many encounters on the Plains. No traveller was assured of safety except by his arms and the good-will of the Stonies. But, some sixty years ago, a goodly Methodist missionary, Mr. Rundle—whose memory is preserved for all time in the mountain bearing his name—came among them. To this day the older members of the tribe cherish his memory with reverence,

and a bond of sympathy is established with all white men through his influence and ministrations. "Did he not come among us," they say, "a poor man, and go away likewise, leaving us richer?" Hence to-day the Stony Reserve is a model Indian mission and the people a Christian community. A visit to their village—though it is just outside the Park limits—would be, to anyone interested in the possibilities and accomplishments of Indian civilization, one of the most interesting expeditions possible to any tourist with the necessary time.

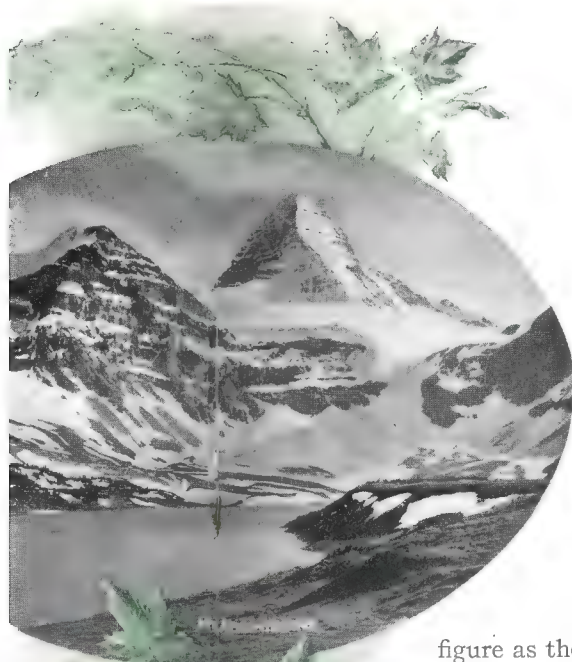
For these reasons, the Mounted Police have not nearly as exciting and desperate duties to perform as in the old days. They are, indeed,



A Young Douglas Fir, Banff.



Only a few left.



less exciting and much easier than a few years ago, when there were laws in force against the sale of whiskey in the Territories of Canada, and when a very large proportion of the population attempted to smuggle stimulants, which they regarded as necessary to stave off the rigors of a severe climate. The thirsty inhabitants of Banff met some success, though in the process many bottles were smashed, and many barrels were rolled into the Bow River. Whiskey is easily obtained by everyone now, however, for the law has been altered for years, and, it being so easily obtainable, the people have accordingly lapsed into temperance. The scarlet tunic, closely fitting Wellington boots, with jinglingspurs, and the small circular cap gaily tilted to one side of the head—the uniform of the Police—make a picturesque, soldierly figure as they ride around Banff, and one sure to attract the notice of every visitor.

THE SUN DANCE CANYON.

Among the many charming drives in the vicinity of Banff is that to the Sun Dance Canyon. The road leads past the Cave and Basin—if pressed for time, the visitor can make one trip of it. The Sun Dance Canyon is that of the Colorado—reproduced in miniature. A spur of the Bourgeau Range has been riven in a perpendicular cleft, and through this the Sun Dance Creek rushes with a noise out of all proportion to its volume. Big pines span the canyon in places, and some of the more adventurous of visitors have been known to cross the chasm by these natural bridges,

though the inevitable results of a mis-step would make the spectator of these escapades hold his breath. The plateau above was in olden days a favorite camping place of the Indians. It was here, it is asserted, that the Sun Dance—that wild, barbaric festival at which braves were made, when the ordeal of courage was submit-

Only a few left.



The Middle Spring, Banff.

ted to by the young men, and those who successfully endured the running of the gauntlet, the suspension by the skin of the shoulder-blades, and other tests of activity and endurance, were permitted to take wives to themselves, and to sit in the tribal council—used in old times to be held, and there are those yet living in Banff who remember when the big totem pole, around which all the cruel, yet mysteriously symbolic rites of the untutored Indians were held.

THE LOOP.

Another charming drive is that around the loop, a splendidly laid out road between the Bow and the base of Mount Rundle, which from this view, is seen to be a steep and almost perpendicular precipice. The Loop encloses the golf ground, where votaries of the ancient and invigorating Scottish sport may play the game in what are undoubtedly the links commanding the finest view in the world. Several lakelets are passed in the course of drive, nestling at the foot of the stupendous cliffs above them, and by their placid calm enhancing by contrast the craggy height rising a mile overhead. The Bow here divided into numerous narrower streams, and the low-lying islands, carpeted with emerald, with the rapid swirling current lapping them, all contribute to the beauty of the scene.

THE HOODOOS.

Across the Bow, high up its banks, can be seen several fine specimens of the curious natural monuments called Hoodoos, made of natural concrete or pudding stone, in shape like an elongated cone or sugarloaf, and so hard as to dull the point of any pick in two or three blows. These natural columns were created by a subsidence of the surrounding strata, and in some cases are believed to be the sole surviving remnants of more ancient mountains, and in some instances rear themselves fifty or sixty feet above the surrounding level. Those on the bank of the Bow are not nearly so high as those at Anthracite, and other points farther east. Even the Christianized Indian does not care to go too near a hoodoo and his uncivilized brother will go miles out of his way to avoid them, and will avert his glance even from their direction, for might it not be the teppee of Annungitee, the bad god who stole the Indian boy, and hid him in one of his giant ears? or of Nanahboozhoo, the all-powerful one whom the Ojibeway calls Mishawabus—the Great Rabbit, and whom the Menomini call Manabush, the son of Mudjikeewis, the West Wind? And in proof that the Great Spirits own the Hoodoos, do not the Wetaskiwin—the Whiskey hacks—boldest and most cunning of all birds in the mountains, love to chase each other with impish prank around them? Yea, surely they do; so let not the Indian anger the Great Spirits by looking at their dwelling place.

Another noticeable feature of this loop drive is that the stratification of the Tunnel Mountain is plainly observable from it, slightly uptilted towards the east, the rock strata are as plainly visible as those of a layer cake. The slope, which in truth is a precipice, being towards the Bow, and the counter slope to the north. This, however is a local exception, evidently due to upheaval, for the general rule of the rock is that the slope is towards the east, and the counter-slope towards the setting sun.

UP THE SPRAY.

The trip up the Spray River had better be taken on horse-back for the trail has not yet been built as are the drives previously described. The road round the Loop to the Hot Springs, the Cave and Basin and Sun Dance Canyon are, in grade, in surface, and in breadth, as fine as can be found in any city park. The way up the Spray, however, lies over a "tote-road," built by lumbermen to enable them to reach the camp higher up the valley. But what it lacks in scientific construction, it more than atones for by picturesqueness. It winds along the base of the Sulphur Range, now level with the river, now high above it on a terrace ledge retained by log walls. The route affords many superb views of the Rundle System, and, also, as progress is made, of the Goat Range, which is thrust between the southern extremities of the Rundle and Sulphur Ranges like a wedge. As the traveller gets higher up its course, the Spray is found to foam through narrow, rock walled cliffs, and the roar of the tormented torrent can on a still day be heard for a mile up the mountain side.

A GIANT FOREST SWATH.

While journeying southward, the rider will come to a break in the virgin forest through which he has been passing. The clearing stretches toward the northeast, and its edges are as straight and defined as if drawn by rule. As far as the eye can see in either direction the clearing stretches over the shoulders of mountains, and down to the edges of rushing streams. It is of great width—a broad, clean-cut swath that makes one imagine that some mountain giant had with a gigantic scythe mown down forest trees instead of grass. This clearing marks the boundary of the original Park limits, and was cut by the Government, at very large expense, to protect the trees within the Park from the ravages of forest fires, which each year, in the mountains, destroy more valuable timber than all the axes of the great army of lumbermen.

FIRE PREVENTION.

Stringent regulations have been adopted by the Dominion Government in the matter of forest fires within the Park, and the penalties for their infringement are heavy, as is warranted by the incalculable damage, from

both the point of view of monetary injury and that of beauty, that a careless camper or smoker inadvertently may cause. "Put matches out when smoking and put fires out after camping, and when you put them out see that they ARE put out." This rule is remembered and observed almost involuntarily by all who live on the mountains, but force of habit, in

the city man tends to the opposite direction. Hence he should be particularly careful when in the Park, not to make himself guilty of a breach of the most serious and necessary of the Park regulations.



Valley of the Simpson River.

THE LUMBER CAMP.

Some miles up the Spray, near where it receives another brawling stream at the foot of Goat Mountain, a narrow, precarious looking bridge spans the rushing water, and on the opposite bank, in a bay cut out of the forest by the woodmen, can be seen the log shanties of the lumber camp. If you are nervous about leading your horse over the bridge—which, with its wide interstices between the logs and the raging rapids below, will perhaps warrant a certain degree of equine nervousness—tie him to a tree and cross yourself, and examine the various buildings. The cook house is easily distinguished; so are the

bunk houses in which the men sleep, and around which the bunks are disposed in the same fashion as in a pullman. The big empty building next the kitchen is evidently the dining hall, and the one with the big lock, next to the blacksmith's forge, is just as evidently the supply house. The shanty of the "boss" is, as usual, a little apart from the rest, and is adjoining the "general store," where the men can procure boots, overalls, and other clothing, the cost of which is charged against their wages.

THE SPRAY LAKES.

Across the high, forest-clad valley to the south, beyond Goat Mountain, lie the headwaters of the Spray, and the Trout Lakes. These latter are the paradise of the fishermen, being literally crowded with such

trout as one sees only in dreams—or in the Rockies. The big lake trout average between five and twelve pounds, though twenty and even thirty pounders, are not infrequent, and at Lake Minnewanka there is preserved and exhibited for the confusion of the unbelieving, a trout that in its enormous bulk and weight might almost be mistaken for a sturgeon, or for the huge tarpon of the Pacific. But to get to the Spray Lakes takes time. It necessitates the use of pack ponies, and with them progress is slow—some ten or twelve miles a day in the mountains. The main trail to the trout or Spray Lakes is not more than three or four miles from the lumber camps, and after the main trail is reached, the road lies through a beautiful green stretch, along which the ponies can travel as fast as they can walk, with the exception of one spot, where the strath has to be crossed necessitating the wading through water up to the ponies' girths, where the head of a small lake has to be traversed. But to get from the lumber camp to the main trail, which runs from Anthracite to the Lakes, is not easy for anything without wings.

INDIAN TRAILS.

True, the large and carefully drawn Dominion Government maps show a trail, and mark its course with the greatest accuracy, showing every rise and fall in the course, as well as its windings. But the trails that penetrate the mountains are not like ordinary highways. These trails through the larger valleys of the Rockies were all originally made by the Indians in their hunting expeditions, in the same way that the natives have made footpaths through the deserts of Australia and the jungles of Africa. For aught we know to the contrary, they may date from the era of primitive man, and so represent some of the oldest of human footpaths. Long before the coming of the whitemen, they were used as a means of communication between the Kootenay Indians and the tribes that inhabit the plains for the bartering of fur, game and horses. But though all the important valleys have well marked trails and the side valleys inferior ones, it is not always easy to find them, or to stay on them when found. A trail is subject to constant degeneration, for several reasons. Avalanches and snowslides sweep over it, and sometimes cover a long stretch with broken trees and masses of rock. New areas of timber are burned over every year and the charred trees, after standing a few years, begin to yield to the wind and storms and fall across the trail. Rapid mountain streams often change their courses, cutting away their banks and undermining many places where trails are made. Even in the primeval forest the underbrush has a constant tendency to choke these pathways, and aged monarchs of the forest die and fall across them. No one ever cuts a tree, if there is a way round, because everyone assumes, very selfishly, that he may never come that way again." Thus the Indian



*Cascade Mountain
from Anthracite.*

and usually disappearing altogether where most needed, and some steep cliff or avalanche track, or burnt timber, seems to block the way.

trail is a narrow path, worn by the hoofs of horses, clearly marked in open meadows or deep mossy forests, but ever winding and retreating to avoid a multitude of obstacles,



End of Road at Sun Dance Canyon.

DIFFICULT TRAIL TRAVELLING.

The trail between the lumber camp and the main trail to the Spray Lakes, was much blocked by windfalls and burnt timber. At some places it is apparently impassable for ponies, who, with their breadth more than doubled by reason of the packs they carry, cannot squeeze between the thickly growing trees, or keep a precarious foothold on the timber, which in places is piled up eight or ten feet above the ground. Only broken legs would result from any attempt to pull ponies through such an impasse. Five hours of the hardest kind of axe work, and continuous exploration of the forest to find the easiest route resulted in a forward progress of much less than a mile, on the occasion of the writer's attempting it, and a more tired, or more dirty and disreputable outfit, when, late at night the main trail was won and camp pitched, it would have been difficult to find in the whole length and breadth of the Rockies. The Dominion Government, however, in pursuit of its policy to make all points of interest in the Park easily accessible to visitors, purposes building a good pack trail through to the Lakes, so that they can be reached with ease and comfort in two days. And, let it be here stated again, no disciple of Isaac Walton will ever begrudge the time given to this trip. He will

have fish stories to tell for the balance of his natural life. and, though those ignorant of the finny wealth of the Canadian Park Lakes may scoff unbelievably at the number and weight of the catches made, the stories will have the additional merit of being true.

LAKE MINNEWANKA.

Among the most popular of the one-day excursions to be made from Banff is that to Lake Minnewanka, nine miles distant. Minnewanka—it used to be called Devil's Lake, for that is the English equivalent of its Indian name, by which as being more euphonious and less suggestive, it is now known—is like a bit of the Mediterranean set between very high mountains. The way thither lies by the splendid carriage road running part way around the base of Cascade Mountains. On the way can be seen, when the upper snows of the huge pyramid are melting, the waterfall, looking not much thicker than a silver thread as it leaps over the precipice and is dissipated into spray by the wind, but in reality a considerable stream, from which the mountain derived its name. Between the road and the lower steep of the mountain the corral, an enclosure of some 800 acres, where, safely immured behind a high log fence that defies even the strength of a buffalo's crest and shoulders, the shaggy erstwhile monarchs of the plain roam in lordly leisure. To the right another fine road leads off to Anthracite, the prosperous little town four miles away, whose mines supply the Canadian west with much of its coal. Leaving the race course to the left—happy is the visitor who witnesses the Dominion Day races on July 1st, or any of the impromptu meets which are organized through the summer, and sees the Indians run, afoot or on horseback, for he will carry home many picturesque memories—the road runs parallel to Cascade Creek, a considerable stream draining the farther side of the mountain, and which is also the outlet for Lake Minnetonka. Its brawling roar, softened by distance, to a musical murmur, accompanies the pilgrim all the way, till at length, half a mile from the Lake it turns sharply to the left. At this point a rustic bridge is crossed over the "Devil's Canyon." The driver is sure to stop here to give visitors an opportunity to inspect the stream which, emerging from Lake Minnewanka, has bored and wormed its way through the solid rock to join the Cascade, a hundred yards away. The walls of the Canyon, though averaging no more than twenty or thirty feet in height, are almost, and in many places quite, perpendicular. Though in many parts of the Canyon the water is churned milkwhite by its own irresistible rush and leaps and plunges madly forward with a deafening din, there are others where, though no whit less rapid, it slides along in a smooth emerald torrent, with only the surface bubbles to indicate its speed. Only in the mountains is there water of such colour, translucent in the shadows and transparent in the lights.

THE SCENE FROM THE CHALET.

A chalet has been built at the near end of Lake Minnewanka and while the horses are resting, the scene is one that will inevitably attract to the Lake shore anyone with any appreciation of the beautiful. To the right Mount Ingusmaldie rears its shaggy front in precipitous rock terraces for thousands of feet, to where the drifts from the snow cornices can be seen, like tiny puffs of pure white mist, driving across the sky. Behind it can be seen the many peaks of Mount Peechee, rising pinnacle over pinnacle to the snow clad central summit. The tracks of rock slide and avalanche are distinctly discernible in many an up-trenching gully, and the fan-shaped moraines where they have slid into the lake and thrust the bank outward, are traceable at intervals. To the left are a series of lesser, and unnamed peaks, outposts of the mighty cone of Mount Aylmer, which is away to the Northwest, hidden by its subordinate mountains. Less than one-half of Minnewanka can be seen from the chalet, for the lake is sickle shaped, and only the sharpened end of the blade is visible from its western extremity, the handle and the greater part of the sickle curving southward behind the shoulder of Ingusmaldie. The view to the east is shut off by a noble curtain of rocks, connecting the Aylmer system with the Saddle Peak, and other heights of the Fairholme Mountains.

FINNY MONSTERS MOUNTED.

At the chalet are a number of fine mounted specimens of fish caught in the Lake, which by the magnificence of their size cannot fail to impress the visitor. One colossal trout in a glass case, never fails to move to astonishment every one familiar only with the lake trout in other and less favoured waters. Well kept boats are to be hired at the chalet, and trolling tackle and bait, and an oarsmen, too, if required, can also be obtained, and if fortunate the fisherman may be able to take back to his hotel a rival even of the huge lake trout that moved him to envious emulation.

UP THE LAKE BY LAUNCH.

The C. P. R. has a fine launch, which may be chartered by visitors, and which forms an ideal means of viewing the manifold beauties of the Lake. The launch trip usually occupies about three hours, and in the whole of that time the passenger is face to face with an ever changing panorama of never-ending beauty. Throughout the lakes' whole length of 16 miles it affords constant occasion for comment and exclamation by reason of the wonderful views. Where the avalanche has swept the forest trees away, a growth of bushes and herbs offer, in their lighter colour a brightening of the sombre hues of the forest mantle, and dapple it with a multitude of Alpine flowers. The great mountain anemone, showing rigid white petals and lavender-flushed heart, and with its compound



LAKE AGNES, MOUNT LEFROY IN THE DISTANCE

leaves divided into fern-like tracery, grows here among the rocks. It should be called the Snow flower, for it is the first to awaken at the touch of spring and bloom at the edges of melting snow-banks. Mountain climbers frequently see their bursting buds surrounded by an inch of snow ready to open in the morrow's sun. The plant bears a tufted bunch of plumed seeds, which, at full development, is twelve or eighteen inches above the ground, and these tasselled heads make a conspicuous display in every high mountain meadow.

A POPULAR BELIEF DISPELLED.

And, mentioning the flowers of the Rockies—an intensely interesting subject, and to which it is hoped that some day a botanist will devote a volume—it might be noted that, though it is frequently asserted that the Scotch heather grows in the Park, it is not so, neither does the Swiss edelweiss. There are two plants, however, most curiously like them; one an *antennaria*, and the other a heath called *bryanthus*, which has small purple blossoms remarkably like the Scotch heather. Why does not somebody import the seeds or roots of the Swiss edelweiss, and plant them here? Then, as in the Alps, lovers can risk broken limbs to show their devotion. The presence of the edelweiss would do somewhat to atone for one of the few points in which the Park is inferior to the Alps. For though the Rockies have all, and more than all, of Swiss grandeur and beauty, and though they cover an area immeasurably greater, they cannot boast their romance and pretty, picturesque mountain villages, cattle pasturing on the upland meadows, or the yodle of the shepherd to awaken the forest echoes.

CHARACTERISTIC TREES.

On Lake Minnewanka is an excellent opportunity to study some of the characteristic features of the Canadian Rockies. The surrounding mountains are draped with evergreens, part of that great sub-arctic forest which sweeps down from the north, and clothes all Canada and the Northern States in a garment of sombre green. The trees are principally balsam, fir and pine. On the sunny, south-fronting slopes there are a few large Douglas firs, which penetrate the lower mountain valleys from the foothills, but do not live at a much higher altitude than that of Banff, which is about 4,500 feet above sea-level. The open glades are filled with small aspen poplars, willows and birches, which are practically the only deciduous trees. These live only at the lower altitudes, but the spruces and balsam-firs cover the grey limestone mountains to a height of nearly three thousand feet above the valleys.

AN EVERCHANGING PANORAMA.

It is impossible to describe or paint the beautiful color effects, the kaleidoscopic succession of light and shade, passing over Minnewanka, or any other of the thousand lakes in the Park. They are so exquisite that the spectator refuses to believe them even in their presence. So subtle in change, so infinite in variety are they, that the memory fails to record all of their varying moods. In many of the Lakes at higher altitudes, a score of shades of green, and many of blue, have been seen in the waters at one time. Sometimes in the evening, when the light is rapidly diminishing, and the lake lies calm, or partly tremulous with dying ripples, there is a light green in the shallowest water at the west shore, a more vivid colour as the water deepens, and then a succession of deeper shades merging into one another by imperceptible changes, yet in irregular patches according to the depth, to the deep bluish-green and blue of the middle lake. Or, in autumn afternoons, when the snowy breasts of Ingusmaldie are wrapped in massive clouds, when a mysterious calm pervades the cool air, and the water lies tremulous with that gentle motion which is the final pulsation of ripples before quiet settles on the sleeping surface, Minnewanka is a sight to see and one sweet to remember. The farther reaches of water obscured by gloomy clouds, with here and there a shaft of brilliant light piercing through, bathing their edges in shining silver, and striking the abyss of sleeping water under the cliffs with an intensity strong in comparison with the sombreness surrounding —with here and there patches of the lake illumined by these beams, steeping in vivid sea-green the tawny reflections of iron-stained precipices, and the brilliant yellows and oranges of autumn willows and larches—when thus viewed, the great expanse seems like a great basin filled with liquid under magic spell, where the quietly, quickly changing sunbeams resemble an enchanter's wand, which at the lightest touch or slightest motion produces in the uncertain light weird effects and wonderful colorings.

THE COLORING OF THE
PARK SCENERY.

There is rarely much coloring at sunrise or sunset in these mountains, save in the wet days in autumn. The dry atmosphere has little power to analyse



McCarthur Lake, altitude 7,500 ft., showing Mt. Riddle in distance.

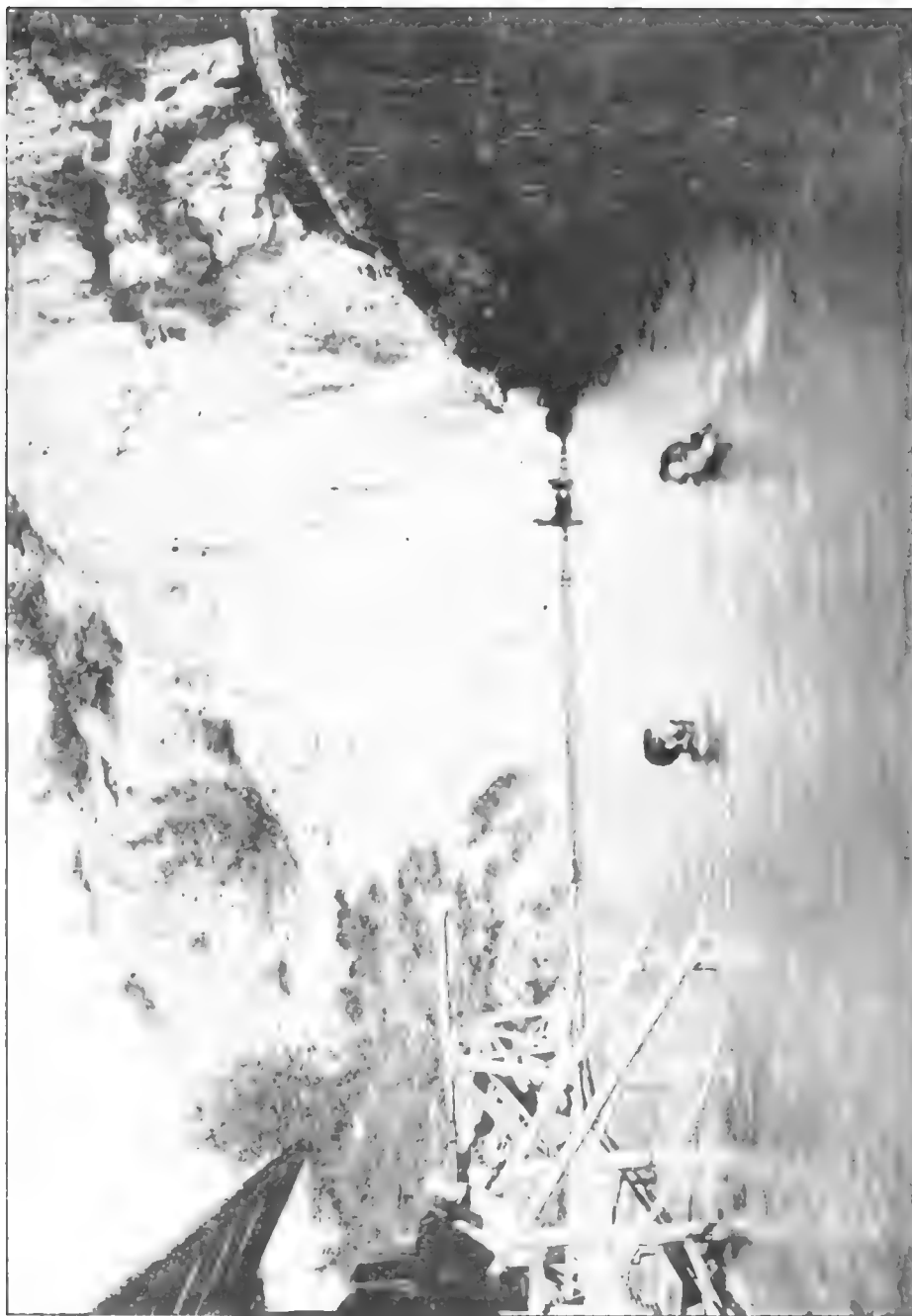
the white light into prismatic hues, and produce those deep and richly varied colours occurring in lowland countries, or on the sea. The tints are pure, clear and cold, like the air itself. They are not colours, but delicate shades or colour suggestions, which recall those faint but exquisite hues seen in topaz, transparent quartz, or tourmaline crystals, in which the minutest trace of some foreign element or mineral has created rare spectrum colours, and imprisoned them there for ever. But sometimes, after a day's rain, when the sky clears at sunset, the snowy peaks and pinnacles are flushed with rosy and amber light, and the craggy limestone cliffs lose somewhat of their inflexibility of outline, and their primordial strength becomes suffused with an unearthly effulgence. The valleys lie half hidden under a diaphanous violet mist, from which emerge unreal headlands of gray green foliage, while high above the sky is a riot of multi-coloured glory.

THE MINNEWANKA TRAIL.

Along the shores of Lake Minnewanka is one of the great Indian highways. Like all other Indian trails, it must be searched for before it can be found, (being but the narrow track worn by the footprints of countless cavalcades of pack ponies) but, nevertheless it was, before the shriek of the iron horse was heard in the mountains, one of the principal travelled ways of the continent. At the eastern end of Minnewanka is a great cleft in the Mountains a naturally graded valley leading down to the eastern plains, and it is toward and through this cleft that the trail runs. In the old days, when the fierce hill tribes swooped down on those living in the plains, many a warparty has passed over this route, for the country to the east is one by Battleped, the scene of many a fight heroic and historic as that of Marathon, the which are still recounted in the wigwams of Indian sagamores.

A "DEVIL-HAUNTED" REGION.

At the eastern extremity of Minnewanka, in the Devil's Gap, are two smaller lakes, almost surrounded by mountains, but commanding a view of the wide-stretching plains below. Close by is the valley of the Ghost River, a strange vale of limestone formation where no streams flow. Torrents dash down gullies, and waterfalls dash over the vertical walls of this Canyon, but each of them disappears as it enters —'tis Ghost River Valley. It is supposed to be the ancient valley of the Bow, of which the Lakes in the Gap, and the larger Minnewanka, are relics of the former channel. A few miles to the east the mountains end abruptly, and the descending valley by which the plains are entered is known as the Devil's Gap. What with the Devil's Gap, the Devil's Lake, the Devil's Canyon and the Devil's Head—a curious knob-shaped height a short distance to



In the Sulphur Pool Basin, Banff.

the north, —his Satanic Majesty seems to have a pre-emption on all this region. It is a weird, wild country, with many strange natural features. It is studded with the curious pudding stone monuments called Hoodoos, and being on the border-land between plain and mountain, was supposed by the Indians to be the home of the Spirits, whom they sought to placate by gifts, and by bestowing their names on many of the places. Grey and grim, the Devil's Head looks out over this weird country, and calmly surveys the progress of the ages. A thousand times more ancient than the Sphinx, Palmyra is a child to him, Rome a baby, Stonehenge a weanling. Whensoever the Indian came to these Western wilds, they knew that the impassive, imperturbable, eternal Head was watching them, as it had watched a thousand generations of their aboriginal ancestors, and the knowledge struck their spirits with awe. That great calm figure rising but shoulder high from the earth, but overtopping all neighboring peaks, what could it be but a great Somebody? perhaps the mighty Nanaboozha himself? Let the Indian walk softly and keep from its hoodoo-dotted slopes, lest the Mighty One be angry, and smite, or spoil the hunting. To Him, therefore, they made offerings, so that up to within fifty years ago, you might find tobacco, tomahawks, pipes, and bead embroideries lying upon its rocky ledges. They crept up the Bow in their canoes—brown, stalwart, aquiline—and trembled as they laid their gifts before Him. The Great One commanded the lightning, or, if not perchance had weight with those who did; the Great One rules the storm. Perhaps He had His word to say about the crop of maize or the buffalo hunt—who might tell? Then silently they crept back to their canoes, and paddled swiftly down to the plains—to their hunting, their fishing, their council-fire, their long stories over the stone pipe and of the Great One who looked out over the mountain and the prairie. Now, he slept; but let all men take heed when He should wake.

PEECHEE—WARRIOR AND DIPLOMAT.

All the large rivers of the Northwest enter upon the plains from such openings as the Devil's Gap. They are in reality, noble thresholds or vestibules between the far-flung fenceless prairies and the mountains. The Devil's Gap was the route by which Sir George Simpson entered the mountains in 1858, on the journey which he claimed was the first overland expedition around the world from east to west. In this part of the journey his train, consisting of forty-five horses and a large number of packers was guided by an Indian named Peechee—after whom the great mountain behind Ingusmaldie was named. Peechee seemed to have possessed great influence among his fellows, and to have been a natural chief among them, and it was largely to his tact and to his reputation as a

warrior that the intrepid traveller and his party went scatheless through the hunting grounds of the then fierce Stonies.

THE BUFFALO.

On the way back to Banff from Lake Minnetonka, a stop should be made at the Buffalo Park, where a splendid herd of buffalo, more than fifty in number, are kept. A caretaker has been appointed by the Dominion Government, and will assist visitors in finding the monarchs of the prairie, who may not be readily found in the 800 acre enclosure. The buildings at which the herd is fed and sheltered in Winter can be seen some half-mile beyond the high entrance gate, in a wooded recess at the foot of Cascade Mountain, along the lower slope of which the corral is located. Usually on sunny days some of the buffalo can be seen resting and ruminating in the sheltered bank close at hand but on windy days, or when they have resented the too close scrutiny of over-curious visitors, they retire to the dense thickets with which the corral is dotted. When seen quietly grazing in the open, with their shaggy crests and active limbs, or when with rocking lumbering haste, they stampede across the plain, they form a sight most impressive, and one that enables the beholder to understand somewhat the spectacle, common enough in the old days, of immense herds many thousands in number, that darkened the prairie as far as the eye could reach.

HISTORY OF THE HERD.

The Park herd was founded in 1898 and originally consisted of 15 head—7 bulls and 8 cows, 5 of which were of breeding age. In 1899 and 1900 five calves were raised each year, and in 1901 six calves were added to the herd. There is one half-bred cow (crossed with a Shorthorn) one $\frac{3}{4}$, and one $\frac{1}{4}$ bred, all the balance being purebred. There has been only one death in the herd—an old bull that was killed in 1901, while battling for his supremacy as head of the herd. The story of the last great fight of the King of the Corral against his younger and more vigorous challenger to headship is heroic, but there is not space to set it down here. This is the only buffalo herd in captivity in the Canadian West, though there are still some hundreds of wood buffalo running wild away north in Athabasca protected from hunters and Indians by the most stringent penalties. The close season will be enforced till 1906, and will probably be extended before its expiration. The nearest herd in captivity is that at Silver Heights, a suburb of Winnipeg.

The oldest bull in the Banff herd, a magnificent fellow with massive front, was calved in either 1874 or 1875, and is thus thirty years old. The nucleus of the herd came from the Silver Heights or Deer Lodge herd in Winnipeg—the property of Lord Strathcona. This herd was founded by

Judge Bain and Mr. Alloway, of Winnipeg, in 1875. In 1897 Lord Strathcona donated his herd partly to the City of Winnipeg and partly to the Dominion Government, and that summer they were shipped west. Mr. T. J. Blackstock, M.P., of Toronto, who owned three buffalo, also donated them to the Park, and they arrived in the autumn of the same year. The success of the experiment of founding and maintaining a buffalo herd is due to the natural surroundings, the large area enclosed

in their corral, and the frequent crossings with Texan and other buffalos to prevent deterioration by in-breeding.



Cataract Creek, showing Mt. Hungab.

"TOM"—LORD OF THE ELKS.

In the enclosure is also a small but representative collection of other animals, such as elk, moose, deer, Angora goats, Persian sheep, mountain lions. The visitor may not be able to see the elk, for they prefer to keep in the brush and away from visitors, but there are a number of splendid specimens within the corral. Should it be towards the autumn that the Park is visited, the better part of valor may be chosen, and the visitor will display discretion in not approaching any of the bucks too closely. If any of these lords of the herd be seen to stamp the earth, roll their horns close to the ground and emit a whistling tinny bleat, the visitor will be wise to hunt cover quickly, for these are signs of elk anger, and ignorance of this fact made the writer perform the fastest sprint he made since leaving college. The deer—Tom is his name—and the man arrived at the sheltering trees for which the latter was making at almost the same moment, though the man had a shade the better of the decision. With three stout tree trunks, clustered close together, around which to dodge, he had the advantage of the situation—as the deer promptly

recognized, and withdrew to resume his interrupted grazing. The photo which occasioned the adventure is still preserved, and is reproduced herewith. This incident took place in July, when as yet Tom's new horns were not fully hardened. Had it been in October or September, Tom would likely have closed the incident differently.

Tom is eleven years old, and a magnificent specimen of the elk tribe. Polly, the oldest doe, is one year his senior. Another fine elk, named Baby escaped four years ago. Charley and Billy are fine young bucks, respectively aged five and seven. There are other young females, and also several fawns.

MOOSE AND ANTELOPE.

Four head of moose were brought to the Park from Rainy River in 1901. They were all very young—so young, indeed, that they had to be fed by means of an infant's bottle for three months after their arrival. One of them could not stand the change from his natural diet, and died but the other three are doing splendidly.

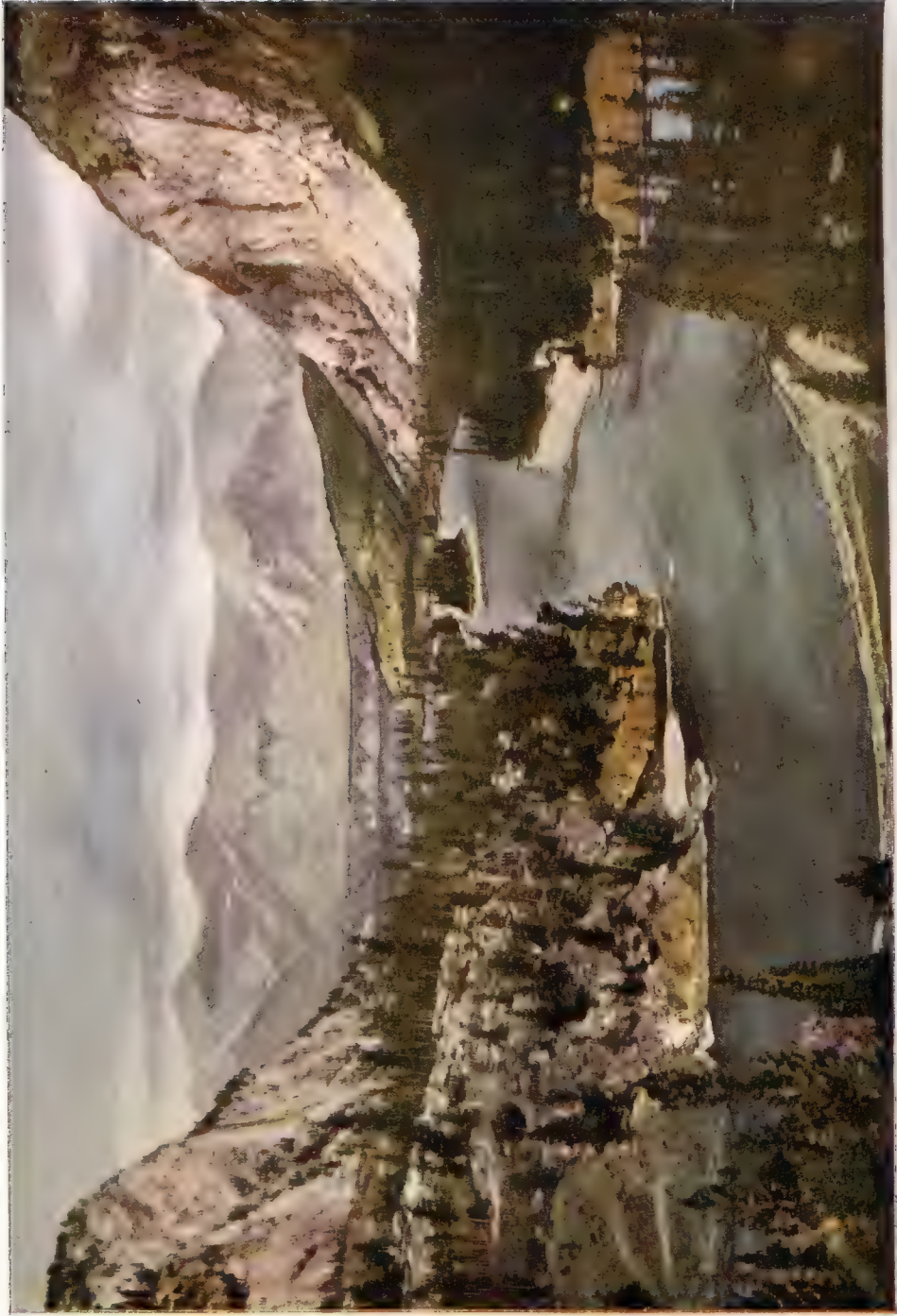
Less success has attended the efforts of the Park Superintendent and his staff to keep antelope. A dozen of these singularly graceful deer were brought in in 1900, but all died—the transportation of these wild, untamed creatures killed them.

THE BLACK-TAIL AND THE ANGORAS.

One of the prettiest, and certainly the most popular of all the animals in the Park is the black-tailed deer, a fine specimen of his kind in his corral adjoining the main drive into the corral. He is quite tame, and daintily thrusts his black muzzle through the fence at all visitors. The Angora goats, natives of Persia, thirteen of which were brought to the Park in 1901, are doing well, and increasing rapidly. One of them at the time of the writer's visit was the careful and affectionate foster mother of a Rocky Mountain goat.

A coyote or prairie wolf, unceasing in its restlessness, and with a furtive, slinking, evil grace which leaves no wonder at the universality by which the race is hated, is chained to a post near the gate, and has worn a circular track bare at the limit of his tether. The coyote is an arrant coward, but at the same time it is advisable to keep out of his reach.

It is the intention of the Dominion Government to add to the collection of animals at liberty in the corral, and plans are now being arranged for the maintenance at a more central location, of a collection of bears and other animals which cannot be with safety let loose



LOOKING DOWN THE BOW RIVER, FROM BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

THE OBSERVATORY.

One of the pleasantest excursions about Banff has not yet been noted—the trip to the new observatory on Sulphur Mountain. The path to it is similar to that climbing Tunnel Mountain, and leads by a series of 28 switch-backs to the summit. An extensive view of the lower Bow Valley meets the eye, and brings the numerous islands of the Bow into view of the spectator for the first time to advantage. The scene is unequalled from any point so easily accessible, and the visitor is amply rewarded for the labour in attaining this elevated spot. The path at the summit winds along the crest of the mountain for nearly half a mile, bringing into view each moment the many attractive points of the several valleys that radiate from this mountain. On attaining the highest point, about midway along the crest, the Cascade Valley presents all its beauties, and a portion of Lake Minnewanka is seen, with the Palliser and Inglesonaldie Ranges towering above it on either side. The path throughout its length is from six to eight feet in width, on a grade of about one in six, so that there is little or no risk, and equestrians can pass up and down without difficulty. The total length of the path to the summit is, from the Hot Springs, almost four miles, and two miles further from the town.

TENNIS AND CYCLING.

In that portion of the Park for which Banff is the headquarters, there are many other points, which it will well repay the visitor to see, and countless others that he may discover for himself. The seventy miles of superb carriage roads give many splendid drives, and those who appreciate the greater individual liberty afforded by the bicycle, these roads offer a surface equal to that of a City park. And where can the delights of “coasting” be better illustrated than here. After walking up a stiff grade, what pleasure to mount one’s steed of steel, and rush with ever increasing speed down the opposing declivity. Tobogganing and iceboating are the only sports with which it is comparable. But see to it that there is a good coaster brake on the wheel, for these mountain roads have to swing suddenly round shoulders of heights, and the consequences would be serious, and possibly fatal, if the cyclist shot off at a tangent into a rock wall, or over a roadside precipice. At the Banff Hotel is a splendid net-enclosed tennis court, and at the Sanitorium are grass courts. For the golfer the links at the loop offer opportunity for his favorite sport, and every mountain stream is a fish preserve, and teems with trout and grayling.

BY MOTOR CAR TO LAGGAN.

For other points in the Park which visitors should not fail to see other headquarters than Banff must be taken. But there is one spot



School at Banff

which, though not in the immediate neighborhood of Banff, can easily be reached from that point—the far-famed Lakes in the Clouds. This may be reached by the regular passenger service of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but the most convenient and comfortable way is to take the handsome motor car, which the Company runs in addition to its regular train service, and which permits much better views of the magnificent mountain scenery through which the road runs. The motor car, which is run, like the ordinary auto, by gasoline, resembles an open street car, and is designed to seat fourteen passengers, though a score, or even two dozen can be carried without uncomfortable overcrowding. The seats are upholstered in leather, there is a movable roof, and in the ends are large plate-glass windows, thus affording unobstructed views of the beautiful forested Bow valley, up which the C. P. R. runs. On the way the Vermillion Lakes are skirted, and Castle Mountain—a sheer precipice of 5,000 feet, passed. The Sawback is passed to the right, and splendid views are obtained of the majestic temple, lifting its whitened head high above the surrounding heights. After an hour's ride, Laggan is reached, and choice can be made of riding, driving, or walking up to Lake Louise, the first to be reached of the three sheets of water hidden high up above the valley.

LAKE LOUISE.

The C. P. R. chalet stands on a ridge above the water's edge, and gives a splendid, possibly the best, view of the Lake. The extreme length of this beautiful body of water, which in shape resembles the left human foot, is a mile and a quarter, but from the magnitude of the mountains on either side it appears on the first glance to be a mere pool. The primeval forest stretches up from its densely wooded shores, and on the bushy banks are tangles of fallen trees, mossy in decay, half concealed by underbrush and flowering shrubs. A narrow margin of angular stones and rounded boulders marks the shore line. From this the bottom drops away very suddenly to great depths. So clear is the water that large stones may be seen a score or more feet below its surface, and water-logged trunks of old trees swept long ago from their places on the mountain side by avalanches.

THE VIEW FROM THE CHALET.

Lake Louise has the enduring attraction of nature in one of her grandest and most inspiring moods. On the left the forest growth ascends steeply to the base of a stupendous precipice, while farther down the lake a massive pile of fallen rocks rests against the mountain base and dips abruptly into the water. Mount Victoria, a grant of the Continental watershed, stands square across the valley and beyond the lake. Its brilliant ice-fields make striking contrast to the dark forests and shading

cliffs encircling the mountain-girt pool. In early morning and during calms after a storm, the placid surface reflects the precipices and hanging glaciers of the distant Mount Victoria, and brings that picture of Alpine grandeur in actual contact with the beauty of forest clad shores and richly coloured water. The mountain outlines are so harmonious, and the colour transformations so exquisite, that Lake Louise is a realization of perfect beauty in nature almost beyond the power of imagination.

SOME LAKE LOUISE FLOWERS.

The swampy shore before the chalet makes a fine display of wild flowers, even though a new set of visitors comes every day to pluck them. Every spot in these mountains has its characteristic plants, according to the nature of the ground, its exposure and its altitude. At the chalet end of Lake Louise is a low shore, reeking with surface water from cold springs unable to escape through the clay soil beneath. Yellow violets and several species of anemone thrive here, together with a considerable number of greenest orchids, and the fragrant lady's tresses, but by far the most beautiful flower is the yellow mountain columbine. There are several shrubs, of which the red flowered sheep laurel and the white tufted Labrador tea are the most conspicuous, the leaves of the latter being covered beneath with a rusty down. In the retirement of partial forest shade the beautiful white flowered rhododendron grows. This bush has tender leaves of an oval shape, and is decorated in spring with large bell-shaped flowers, which hang their white corollas in artistic clusters among the foliage. In June you will find them in bloom in Lake Louise, but the bush grows higher on the mountains also, and there they blossom in July, or, more rarely, in August. The scrub birch, (*Betula glandulosa*) is also found here. It has no flowers except in-conspicuous catkins, but its long black wand, and small round leaves soon become familiar to every visitor in the mountains, for this bush is rarely absent from any mountain meadow.

THE FIREWEED.

The meadows above the chalet are in summer bright with the glory of the scarlet painted cup and red purple epilobiums, which mingle in a wild clash of colour. The most frequent met with of the epilobia is a tall plant with a long raceme of flowers. It is called the fireweed, for it appears most abundantly in the desolate wastes of burnt timber lands, where its bright flowers enliven the black and grey monotony of charred trees. In late summer it sends forth a multitude of cottony seeds, which are borne away through the air for miles, sometimes over high mountain ranges, to other valleys. There is a smaller and more beautiful plant of the same genus, which is only a few inches high, and bears a few conspicu-

ous flowers, magenta purple in colour, that harmonize with nothing except, perhaps, the green of its own pointed leaves. It prefers the pebble lined borders of mountain streams, or the dry bed of some old channel, where a little gravel offers a foothold between water-worn stones, to the rich soil and verdure of meadows.

A volume might be written on the plant life of the Canadian Rockies, but this fascinating subject cannot be more than alluded to in the limits of this booklet. But every visitor to the Park will be interested in the trees clothing the lower slope of almost all the mountains with green, and somewhat concerning them will merit one or two paragraphs.

THE TREES OF THE PARK—THE WHITE SPRUCE.

Nearly all the trees in the Park are coniferous. There is a certain dignity in their tall straight trunks, which seems in keeping with the ice-hooded, snow-draped peaks high above them, though the effect is perhaps monotonous as compared with the variety of tree forms found in the deciduous forests of lower altitudes. Only five kinds of trees compose by far the greater part of the forests in the Park.

The white spruce (*Picea Engelmannii*) is found every where throughout the mountains, from the lowest altitudes to the highest limits of tree growth. It is from forty to one hundred feet in height, and from one to three feet or more in diameter. In heavy forests the outline of this tree is very narrow, as the higher branches, especially, project but a little way from the tapering stem. These lateral branches show a tendency to slope downward, possibly the better to shed the weight of winter snow. In dark forests the lower branches die away, and are often hung with black and grey beard-lichens. In places, where the forests are somewhat open and protected from snowslides, the spruce has live branches from the ground to the terminal bud; and the tree then assumes the form of a symmetrical spire. The white spruce attains great age. On many of the stumps four hundred rings can be counted, and this in trees of less than three feet in diameter. As it sometimes exceeds four feet, by the same ratio of growth the white spruce should often attain a growth of between five hundred and six hundred years.

THE BALSAM SPRUCE.

The balsam spruce (*Abies subalpina*) has about the same range as the white spruce, but is less common. At a distance it is hardly to be distinguished from the spruce, but the bark on branches and young trees is raised in blisters which contain a drop or two of balsam, which exudes from the bark wherever it is bruised. At first it is a very clear liquid, regarded by old trappers and woodsmen as a sovereign balm, when brewed

with hot water, for colds and throat trouble. On exposure to air it slowly hardens into a brittle resin, which the woodsman melts into pitch to seal boxes or mend leaky canoes. The camper-out makes his bed from balsam boughs, as they are more springy and less rigid than those of the spruce. The blunt and soft leaves of the balsam are likewise much pleasanter to the touch than the sharp spruce needles.

THE BLACK AND WHITE PINE.

There are two kinds of pine—the black (*Pinus Marrayana*) a small and slender tree which cannot endure very high altitudes, and the white barked (*Pinus albicaulis*) which is found on rocky slopes at greater heights. The black pine extends over considerable areas, and alternates with spruce when fire destroys one or the other forests. The white barked pine has an open branching trunk, and is rather scarce in the mountains.

LYALL'S LARCH.

The most interesting and by far the most beautiful conifer found in the Park is Lyall's larch (*Larix Lyallii*). It resembles the eastern tamarac, but is restricted to the summit range of the Rockies. It rarely lives at altitudes below 6,000 feet above sea level, and its extreme range may be set down, in the Park latitude at between 5,000 and 7,000 feet. It is one of the most beautiful of trees, having a rough gray bark, irregular and heavy branches, and a foliage of soft needles arranged in tufts like green brushes. Its appearance among the spruces as one ascends is a certain indication that one is approaching tree-line, where it forms scattered groves on all the higher ridges and meadowy uplands. Its growth must be extremely slow, for thirty rings have been counted in a branch only three fourths of an inch in diameter. The wood is hard and brittle, and after a heavy snowfall the branches often strew the ground in a painful ruin. Thus the tree has an irregular and gnarled appearance, the result of its ceaseless battles with snowstorms and gales. Probably no other tree in the world endures such stress of weather. Not till June or July does the snow entirely disappear from the ground in its usual habitat, and if the winter has been unusually severe the drifts may remain all summer. Its tender buds burst in June, and the needles are fully developed in early June, but they are frequently covered with ice or snow throughout the summer. And, no matter how hot the summer has been, the snow begins to fly again in early September at these high altitudes, so that the larch has an active growing period of only two or three months in the year. Nevertheless, their trunks are frequently more than two feet in diameter, which seems to indicate that they attain a very great age in spite of the vicissitudes of climate.

THE DOUGLAS FIR.

In the lower valleys of the Park grows the Douglas fir (*Pseudotsuga Douglasii*) the largest conifer of the eastern or summit ranges, but it cannot be found at a greater altitude than 5,000 feet above sea level. The wood is strong and tough, the bark thick and deeply furrowed, and in vigorous, quick-growing trees the stout spreading branches are covered with innumerable slender, swaying sprays, handsomely clothed with short leaves. The flowers are about three-fourths of an inch in length, red or greenish, and are not so showy as the pendulous bracted cones. But in June or July, when the young bright yellow leaves appear, the entire tree seems to be covered with bloom. It cannot be seen at its full beauty or development in the Park, but on the coast of British Columbia it attains its greatest size and is most abundant, making almost pure forests of thousands of square miles, dark and close and almost inaccessible, many of the trees towering with straight, imperceptibly tapering shafts to a height of three hundred feet, their heads together shutting out the light. In those parts of the Park in which the Douglas fir is found, it is usually in company with the aspen poplar and the cottonwood. (*P. balsamifera*) which when well-seasoned makes the finest camp-fire possible, giving out neither sparks nor smoke.

AT LAKE LOUISE' FURTHER END.

But in discussing trees and flowers Lake Louise has for the time been forgotten. The visitor desirous of exploring the further end of the Lake may take a rough trail that closely follows the north shore, and, with perseverance, he may arrive. New mountains will appear as he proceeds. Through a vertical opening in the cliffs at the head of the Lake, Mount Lefroy looms in the distance, crowned with a helmet of perpetual snow and hanging glacier. The extreme end of the lake is guarded by a vertical cliff. The trail, after dodging around a rockslide, descends toward this cliff, winds among great spruce trees, and enters a place of sombre and perpetual twilight, made by the overhanging precipices and forest depths. This is a marvellous revelation of the stupendous grandeur of these mountains. The cliffs are disposed in horizontal strata of a hard and shiny quartz sandstone, stained red and orange transversely by iron, and vertically banded in purple and black, where oozing waters drip from the ledges above. Throughout the first three hundred feet the cliff rises sheer, or overhangs in some places where large blocks of this masonry have fallen and left natural arches. On the higher places spruce trees cling with precarious foothold, their trunks parallel to the cliff, and so measuring the inspiring height of the precipice.

It is almost impossible to complete the circuit of the lake on foot, as the south side is a tremendous slide, of high and small rocks disposed



Autumn Scene, Lake Louise, showing Mt. Lefroy.

in unstable equilibrium. These rocks are richly coloured with lichens of varied hue, and even a few spruce have ventured to grow in this perilous place, though the green vegetation is everywhere scored by narrow bands of bare ground, showing where rocks and snowslides have swept resistlessly through. In fact, it is rather dangerous to approach very near, even in a boat, as stones which travel at great speed, may fall at any time from the cliffs. Above the shade an almost perpendicular wall of rock ascends for more than a thousand feet, and then rises abruptly till

it reaches the summit of Fairview Mountain, 3,300 feet above the Lake.

THE COLOUR OF LAKE LOUISE.

The usual colour of Lake Louise is a robin's egg blue, though it varies according to the sunlight. This colour, common to glacial lakes, is due to infinitesimal particles of matter held in suspension. The stream flowing into the lake brings down a muddy freshet from the glacier during July and August, so that a milky colouring then appears, and lasts till the frosts of October. The outlet to the lake is a broad and narrow stream near the chalet, but after a few hundred yards it changes to a boulder stream torrent where it begins a rapid descent of 600 feet to the Bow. At certain times the surface of the lake is covered with a yellow scum, that on examination proves to be pollen from the spruce forests.

Small brook and rainbow trout live in the lake, but fishing is not very exciting, as the countless flies and moths that are blown upon the water in the daily south wind supply them with an abundance of food. No reason



HERD OF BUFFALO, CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK

is apparent why large fish are not found here as in other lakes in the mountains, but possibly the fine glacial mud in the water makes a poor habitat for trout.

INTERESTING AND BEAUTIFUL TRIPS.

The chalet at the head of the Lake can be made headquarters for a most enjoyable week of exploration in this vicinity. The streams have been bridged, and over twenty miles of trails constructed, rendering many points of vantage easily accessible. One leads around the west side of the Lake to the base of Victoria glacier, about one and three-quarter miles from which the entrance to Abbot pass can be reached by way of the Glacier, and so, across the Great Continental Divide to O'Hara Lake, nestling at the foot of the beautiful Wiwaxy Peaks. Mount Victoria, 11,120 feet in height towers to the right, and Hungabee's terrific precipices, rising two thirds of a mile in one sheer perpendicular cliff, lifts its awful form from the glittering surface of the Horse Shoe Glacier. The beautiful Paradise Valley runs from the Glacier northward to the Bow, with the majestic Temple Mountain on the right, its snowy hood—the highest peak in the vicinity—11,535 feet above sea line. The Mitre, Mount Aberdeen, Mount Sheol—suggestively and appropriately named for its forbidding desolation—are on the left, with Lake Annette, a tiny rock-girt pool lying between. A magnificent view up the Paradise Valley can also be gained from Saddle Mountain, easily reached by a trail from the chalet, and the panorama of rugged peaks and clustered glaciers is one amply repaying the labour of the thousand feet climb. Another trail leads from the Lake Louise Chalet to the Valley of the Ten Peaks, formerly known, because of its austere grandeur, as Desolation Valley, where tourists can get camping facilities.

THE TRAILS TO LAKES MIRROR AND AGNES.

Still another to the most popular of the many side trips from the Chalet—Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes. The ascent to the two Lakes (Mirror Lake is about 1,000 and Lake Agnes 1,300 feet above the Chalet) which are situated one on the breast and the other on the shoulder of the steep mountain that confined Lake Louise on the northern side, is usually made on Indian ponies, but with average activity one can scramble up the steep ascent without any great waste of time or exertion. The trail, which brings Mirror Lake within two miles of the Chalet, leads on to the summit of the Beehive, thence to the summit of Mount St. Perin. Four hours are occupied by the trip from the chalet to the crest of Mount St. Piron and return; two hours to Lake Agnes and return, (on ponies) and a half hour longer by walking. Mirror Lake, which is one third of a mile long by a quarter

wide, has no visible outlet, its shallow waters escaping through an underground channel into Lake Louise.

There are two trails from Mirror to Agnes Lake, the usual one being a quarter of an hour's climb; the other rounds the sloping side of the Mountain, and, while not at all dangerous, is at times attended with all the pleasurable sensations of excitement.

LAKE AGNES.

Rare is the beauty of the crystal pool known as Lake Agnes—a wild tarn girt by huge cliffs—although its surroundings do not possess that loveliness which characterizes its sister lake.



Bow River Bridge.

It is about a third of a mile in length, with half that breadth, and its greatest depth has not yet been ascertained. The water is green, and so clear that the rough bottom can be seen at great depths. It is fed by several waterfalls, dropping from the heights above, and from numerous springs and great banks of snow which line the mountains that enclose it. Near its outlet, where its waters pour in a pretty cascade over the rocks and fall into the gorge which leads to Mirror Lake, is a clump of trees, in whose shade is Table Rock, affording a splendid dining-table for picnickers. Like sentinels, on the other side, stand grim Mounts Whyte and Niblock,

and irregular peaks, running back, tell of the succession of violent eruptions in that awful day of the great upheaval, far back in the dim, misty ages of antiquity. The peaks rise up in terraces, reaching far above the timber line, and at the base are huge heaps of moraine. Further on is a vast amphitheatre-shaped basin, in which lies the accumulation of the snow of ages past.

The solitary visitor to the Lake is soon oppressed with a sensation of utter loneliness. All the surroundings are desolate, and a perpetual silence reigns, except for the sound of a rivulet falling over rocky ledges. The faint pattering echoed by opposite cliffs, seems to fill the air with a murmur which is faint or distinct at the mercy of fickle breezes. The elusive sound starts from every side, or dies away into nothing, seeming almost supernatural, since the ear is powerless to tell whence it comes. The shrill whistle of a marmot, the hoary badger of the Rockies, is almost the only other sound, and often breaks this almost unearthly stillness in a startling manner.

THE VIEW FROM THE LITTLE BEEHIVE.

Many excursions of interest may be made on this mountain side, but none commands a finer panorama of the surrounding region than from the top of the rock buttress called the little Beehive. This is half a mile north of Lake Agnes, and merely a knob upon a greater mountain. Vertical precipices form the side towards Lake Louise, but there a flat top of several acres extends covered with a most beautiful growth of the scraggy Lyall's Larch, whose feathery needles filter but do not interrupt the streaming sunlight, allowing a generous share to come to the huckleberry bushes and Labrador tea which grow underneath. They need all they get, for it is a long way north here, besides being 7,500 feet above sea level, where snow falls every month of the year, and where it is warm even in summer only at midday. To the northeast you may see a lake near the source of the Bow River, Mount Hector towering like an uplifted castle eleven thousand feet above sea level, standing between this valley and the Pipestone. Far away Eastward Pilot Mountain—formerly a land-mark for the surveyors—is visible thirty miles down the Bow Valley, and finally a nearer mass of giant unnamed peaks, together with the now familiar crests of Mount Lefroy and Mount Victoria.

THE VALLEY OF THE TEN PEAKS.

South and east of the Lakes in the Clouds is the Valley of the Ten Peaks, a delightful retreat whose beauties are just becoming known. It is reached by a trail of ten miles, which branches off from the road between Lagan and Lake Louise and skirts the intervening mountains. At Moraine Lake, a beautiful mountain water one-and-a-half miles long, in

which there is good fishing, shelters are erected for those wishing to indulge in camping while exploring this virgin region. A green forest stretches back from the north shore of the lake and the opposite side is overhung by a high precipice. An imposing cliff, named the Tower of Babel, makes a grand terminus to the range of mountains on that side of the valley, and beyond the lake is a succession of peaks rising from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above it, with a few hanging glaciers among them. Of this sequestered spot Mr. Walter D. Wilcox, the well-known writer and explorer in his book on "The Rockies of Canada," says:



Bow River, looking toward the Loops

"No scene has ever given me an equal impression of inspiring solitude and rugged grandeur. I stood on a great stone of the Moraine where, from a slight elevation, a magnificent view of the lake lay before me, and while studying the details of this unknown and unvisited spot, spent the happiest half-hour of my life."

About a mile below Moraine Lake is Consolation Valley, with its little lakes whose picturesque surroundings of peaks, glaciers, moraine and forests form a perfect picture of Alpine loveliness.

But though a book could be written on the explorations that could be made with the Lake Louise Chalet for a centre, the limits of space prevent

further detail. Enough has been said to show that it is one of the beauty spots of the continent. It may safely be asserted that it is unequalled and incomparable in its own line of loveliness. One or two weeks spent here will store the visitor's memory with scenes that will be a lifelong refreshment to him, whenever they are recalled.

FIELD—THE GATEWAY TO THE YOH0.

Ten miles beyond the great Divide—where a little stream bifurcates, one travelling westward to the Pacific and the other eastward to Hudson Bay—is Field, where the C. P. R. has erected another of their handsome and comfortable chalets, recently enlarged, the Mount Stephen House. This is the gateway to the newly discovered and wonderful Yoho Valley, and the headquarters for mountaineers of the more ambitious type.

The loftiest mountains of the Rockies are grouped all about, many of them bearing glaciers of great size, and they tower on every hand as far as the eye can see. These steeps are the haunts of mountain goat, bear and other large game, and there is plenty of small game. In the background of the hotel is Mount Stephen, the highest point of the Rockies along the line (8,000 feet) which has been ascended and the return home made in eight hours. Here artists, amateur and professional, find ample choice for the exercise of their brush. Half way up Mount Stephen, and easily reached by a good trail up a rear ridge, is an extensive fossil bed, a rock slide of shale and slate lying against the mountain side for a vertical distance of 500 feet. Between the layers and on the rock slabs are rare and perfect specimens of trilobite. From the fossil beds a magnificent panoramic view is gained of the surrounding peaks. To the southwest, the lofty naked ramparts of the Ottertail Range are visible. To the northwest, on the opposite side of the Kicking Horse Valley are the Van Horne Mountains, with vast snow fields among the peaks. But it is to the north that the grandest view appears. One sees clear across the summit of Mount Field, up the Yoho Valley to a vast upper world of ice and snow, to one of the most extensive and wonderful glacial regions ever discovered. Even at this distance from the Glacier field, the broken outer edges of its lower terraces lying at the margin of some dizzy, precipitous escarpment, appear like a translucent emerald wall. Peak after peak, ice-rivers more like the ocean than parts of a mountain, succeed each other as far as the eye can see, till all are lost in cloudland. The visible summit of Mount Stephen is only 4,000 feet above the fossil bed; but the real summit, hidden by a buttress of rock, is an hour's climb further on. A short walk leads to the silver mines, 1,500 feet up Mount Stephen, and there is a crystal cave which can also be reached. Cathedral Peak, one of the most difficult ascents of the whole range, is but three miles away. From Field, a stroll to the Western Ottertail Bridge, six

miles, affording a beautiful view of the Ottertail Range, and a trip to the Canyon of the North Fork, are excursions which can easily be made, and which will delight those who make them.

During June and July a curious phenomenon is seen in a halo which sometimes circles Mount Stephen during the night. The broad luminous belt completely surrounds a portion of the upper part, shrouding the summit and the lower part of the mountain in intense darkness. The phenomenon is attributed to a remarkable refraction of the sun's rays and the peculiar condition of the atmosphere.

THE YOH0.

The newly discovered Yoho Valley, opened to the outside world this year for the first time, is reached from Field. Across the Kicking Horse River a bridle path through the forest at the base of Mount Field leads along the river to a curious natural bridge where the waters converge in a boiling torrent and hurl themselves under arched piles of rock. Four miles further along the same trail is Emerald Lake, a gem of beauty in the very lap of the great mountains that buttress up the new glacial region. Shelters have been erected here for the tourists who wish to spend a few day's fishing, or to go on further to the Emerald group of glaciers. There is another shelter being built six miles further on, at Summit Lake, from which a splendid view is commanded of the great Takakkaw Falls, the highest cataract in America, an enormous volume of water, the river draining a vast glacier, hurling forward sheer over a precipice of stupendous height into the narrow walled gorge below. The roar of the cataract is deafening, and the whole canyon is filled with seething volumes of spray from the great waterfall. Trails lead over the mountains' shoulders at an altitude of from 6,000 to 7,000 feet and skirt the brink of the great Yoho canyon, a deep cleft in mother earth, with perpendicular walls from 200 to 500 feet high, and to the base of the great glacier which is pushing its way between two huge mountains, and to the Twin Falls, a remarkable cataract whose divided waters unite before their final plunge into the depths below. There are vast snow fields and in places glaciers hang over the mountain sides, forming pictures that reach the very acme of beauty.

THE HOMEWARD ROUTE.

The homeward trip can be made by another trail which traverses the valley along some magnificent canyons, rejoins the trail from Field at Summit Lake and debouches to the east again along the side of Wapta Peak, a magnificent monolith, and crossing a shoulder of Mount Field, where an observatory has been placed, zig-zags down the southern slope to Field and the chalet. There are admirable opportunities for moun-

tain climbing, pretty park lands which form splendid camping grounds, and the sportsman has chances for wild goat, the botanist finds a virgin field of wild flowers and plants, and the sightseer an incomparable wealth of scenic grandeur to delight his eyes. Camps are being erected at points of vantage throughout the valley for the comfort of visitors, who can make the trip round from Summit Lake in a day, but so entrancing are the surroundings that it is probable two or more days will be willingly given up to this outing by the average individual, for in the Yoho Valley is found all that is attractive to the lover of the grand and the beautiful.



